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LONDON LIFE

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INCORPORATING THE TATLER

Important anniversary for Sir Malcolm Sargent this week: on Saturday he conducts his 500th Promenade Concert. The traditional first-night high jinks should be even more exuberant than usual. The season is a revolutionary one—for the first time a foreign orchestra, the Moscow Radio, will be taking part, with a new work by Shostakovich to present to London. Task for the BBC chorus: learning Russian.

For those who want to learn about 12 tone music the painless way, a small reminder that the Covent Garden Opera Company ends this year's season with a few performances of Schoenberg's *Moses and Aaron* in Peter Hall's butch production. Visual aids include the sacrifice of naked virgins and spouting blood from slaughtered lambs. Then the Georgian State Dance Company (all long plaits and high jumps) arrive from Russia to take over the Royal Festival Hall for a couple of weeks and *Macbeth* opens at Chichester.

WHAT'S IN LONDON LIFE

The girl on the cover is Belinda, picked out for high rank in the New Model Army. The fascinating story of her discovery is told on page 28

Samantha Eggar has an arresting name, a career full of promise, and a sharp eye for clothes. Shopping with her is exciting as you'll see on page 24

He's a personality in his own right, as is natural in a guardian of one of London's most famous thresholds. Read about him and his colleagues. Page 11

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Coat and Badge

Racing starts at Goodwood on Tuesday and at Cowdray Park there is the Goodwood Week polo tournament; connoisseurs of old customs will line the Thames between London Bridge and Chelsea to watch the Doggett's coat and badge race.

The Westminster Abbey Market and Fair is on in Dean's Yard until Saturday, open at 11 every morning, offering stalls, celebrities and side shows in aid of 27 different charities until 10 in the evening.

New Thriller

A cool week in the theatre, Peter Bridge, recovering from the disaster of *Strike A Light* tries again, this time with another heavy gun (if she will forgive the expression) in the shape of Honor Blackman, who leads in *Wait Until Dark*, an efficient thriller by Frederick Knott (who wrote *Dial M for Murder* – a pretty potent visiting card).

And on Thursday the English Stage Company presents Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Roi* at the Royal Court Theatre.

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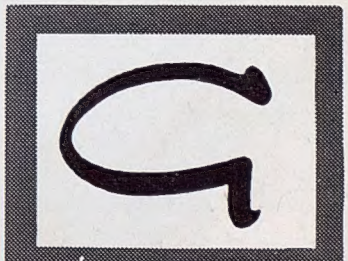

GORRINGES

Buckingham Palace Road
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INSIDE LONDON LIFE

Julie De La Mare, 23-year-old blonde grand-daughter of the famous poet Walter De La Mare, is spending her evenings earning pocket-money by dancing in a golden cage for the benefit of diners at the El Cubano restaurant in Knightsbridge. "I hate working in offices and I love dancing, so this is an ideal job for me," says Julie, whose uncle is Richard De La Mare, chairman of Faber & Faber, the publishers.

Indica, the gallery - bookshop opened in Mason's Yard three months ago by a group which includes singer Peter Asher, is about to expand. Indica 2 will open next month in Southampton Row, to concentrate on books and magazines from all over the world, while the original Indica becomes the group's art-gallery.

Stephen Dykes Bower, who is in charge of the fabric of Westminster Abbey, has designed a splendid mahogany case for an organ just installed in the Hall of the Merchant Taylors Company in Threadneedle Street. The pipes are said to be by Renatus Harris, the Stradivarius of organ-builders, and were originally in St Dionis, Backchurch, which was demolished last century. Since then they have been at Darenth Park, Kent.

Henry End, President of the International Design Centre, Miami, Florida, was back in London last week. Back, because Mr End, although for 20 years one of the most successful interior designers in the United States, was born in England and trained at the Royal

College of Art. He was here to attend to some planned alterations at his only major brainchild in Britain, the Carlton Tower. Apparently the Tower Suite, a perennial party-place, is to get a total face-lift this winter. "I don't think I'm any good," said Mr End, "until I look at what some of the others are doing."

Zandi Garlick, a postgraduate student at the Guildhall School of Music, has just been awarded the opera scholarship at Detmold, Germany. Zandi, born in Nyasaland, came to London four years

ago to study singing, piano and violin, and wants to become an operatic soprano. "I want to stay in Germany," she says, "until I have made a real break into opera. There are far more opportunities there than in England."

A H Watkins, the borough librarian of Bromley, where H G Wells was born on 21 September, 1866, is having a tough time organising a Wells Centenary Exhibition. Most of the author's papers were sold in America some years ago by London bookseller Bertram Rota, and Mr Watkins is writing to magazines beseeching help from anyone who has any Wellsiana.

Bunches from the Black Hambro grape vine at Hampton Court Palace are expected to be on sale from 14 August. Planted in 1769, the vine yielded last year 377¼ lbs, which Miss Mary Parker, the vine keeper, sold at 7s a lb.

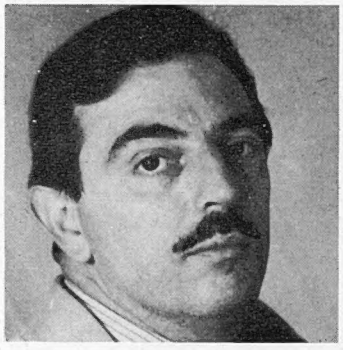
Jonathan Miller's film of *Alice in Wonderland,* being made for the BBC, should prove one of the Corporation's most attractive, and expensive, ventures ever. Starring names like Peter Sellers and Peter Cook, its official budget is said to be £30,000: but since the BBC do not count in below-the-line costs, like cameras and crew, the real cost might be as high as £180,000. In the circumstances, the overseas sales experts of the commercial rivals are all highly relieved that the BBC decided it wasn't worth spending a bit more and making it in colour – without which no major American network will be really keen.

Reginald Prentice, the Minister of Public Building & Works, has a chronic problem in the Royal Parks. He simply can't get enough gardeners. Altogether he needs 800 garden staff, and has only 550. In an effort to cope, the Ministry is starting an apprenticeship scheme for boys and girls over 15 – hoping that some will stay when they finish their training.

The GLC is moving inexorably towards a major row with the lawyers of the Temple over the Blackfriars Bridge obstacle race. Apparently the widening of Victoria Embankment calls for a long strip of the Temple gardens west of Temple Avenue to be taken over – plane trees and all. As yet, there are only minor rumbles from behind the Temple's high railings – but County Hall is pessimistic about the reaction when they really start moving.

Thames sailors can now obtain a Port of London Authority map of the river from Teddington to the Estuary – either from the harbourmasters of Kew, Woolwich and Gravesend, or by any PLA craft they meet afloat.

Alan Scholefield's first novel, *A View of Vultures,* is doing markedly well in its first month in London, and is due to be pub-

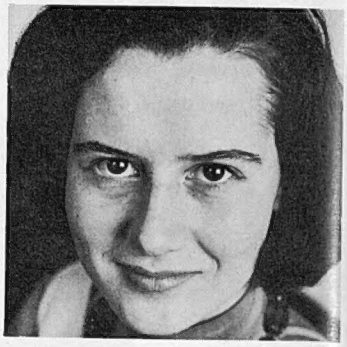


lished in New York in August. Scandinavia seems rather a problem, though. Scholefield heard last week from one publishing group there that "it's much too cruel for Sweden and Norway. But just right for Finland."

Ben Whitaker, Hampstead's new Labour MP, has been asked by Andre Deutsch to edit a collection of essays by his fellow new boys on the government benches. Since Whitaker was one of the Vietnam rebels a fortnight ago, the idea has been greeted with qualified enthusiasm by the party leadership.

Christies are to begin fortnightly auctions of wine on 11 October. This, they say, will make them "the only Fine Art auctioneers selling drink."

Jenny Lewis, an assistant keeper at the British Museum, has just returned from a three-month tour of American universities and museums, where she was sent by the BM to study their collections of modern literary manuscripts. Jenny sits on a highly select committee with poets Cecil Day Lewis and Phillip Larkin which is



responsible for selecting and buying manuscripts of contemporary writers for the British Museum's three-year-old collection. In May 1967 there will be the first public exhibition of the collection. "I think," she says, "it is vital that the public, and writers, should realise we are now interested in modern manuscripts as well as old ones."

Peter Wright and David Hepburn, whose exhibitions of stage designs held in theatres, clubs and their own house have proved highly successful over the past few years, have finally taken the plunge and started a permanent gallery. Just being stocked, it is in the Halkin Arcade, off Cadogan Place.

Saint Mark's Church, St. John's Wood, runs a series of sermons called The Layman Speaks. *On 6 November, the speaker will be Mr George McWatters, former chairman of Harveys of Bristol, who was ousted by the recent bitterly fought takeover. His subject: The Relevance of Christianity to Commerce.*

Paul Raymond is moving his offices and workshops away from the top floor of the Revuebar to make way for another cabaret room. At an estimated cost of £25,000, he intends to transform what is at present a series of attic rooms into the Bird Cage, with bar, postage-stamp dance floor, band and stage. Completion date is October.

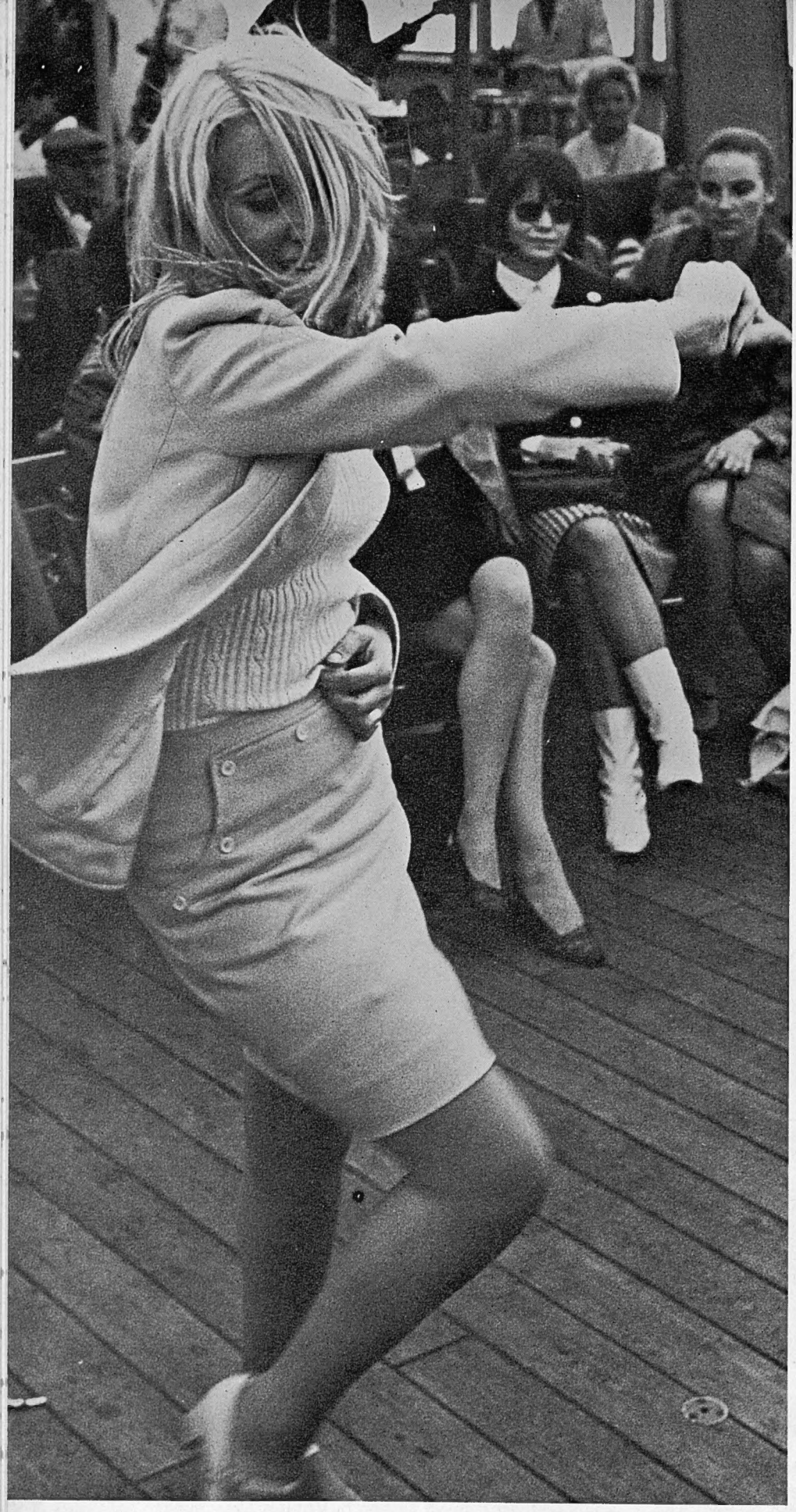
Edgar Turner, of the City Corporation, reports on another field in which London leads America. Writing in the Corporation magazine, *Guildhall,* Mr Turner reveals that a tour of Florida graveyards revealed a lack of the modern grave-digging machines used at the City of London cemetery, and that US cremation methods take four times as long as ours.

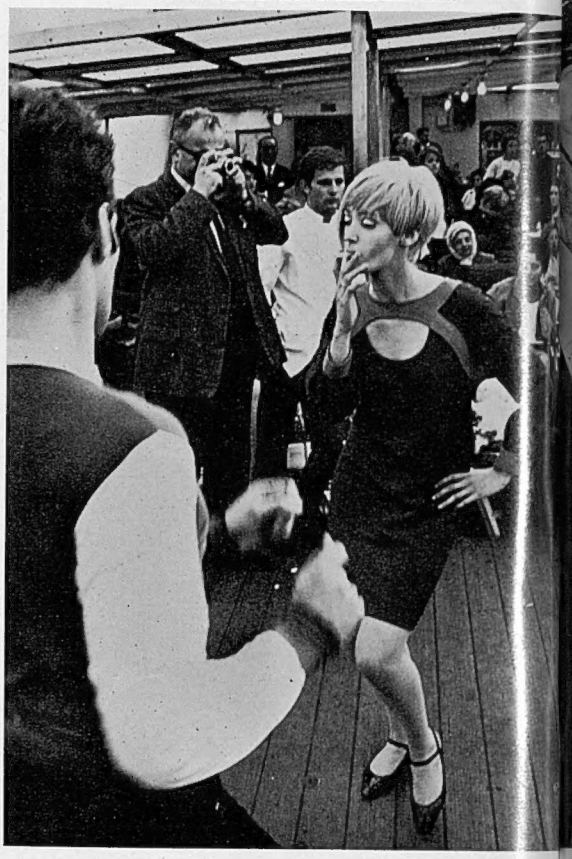
The Little Angel Puppet Theatre in Islington needs £10,000 for improvements to its stage and workshops: so far the Arts Council have given £1,500, and promises have been received from the GLC, Islington Borough Council, and the Marks Trust.

FOR MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN

. . . the midday sun outside the Dorchester contributes, with the creature-comforts of brandy, easy chair and oriental fans, to a lion's life of ease for Noël Coward. The bonus – a pretty girl – is Lynn Redgrave. Reason for all this is that ABC's Armchair Theatre was celebrating its 10th anniversary and opens its new season this Saturday with a Noël Coward play. This is *Pretty Polly*, which has been adapted for the small screen by William Marchant in collaboration with Noël Coward, and stars Lynn Redgrave and Donald Houston. *Saturday, 10.15 pm (10.5 pm Midlands).*

PARTY TIME



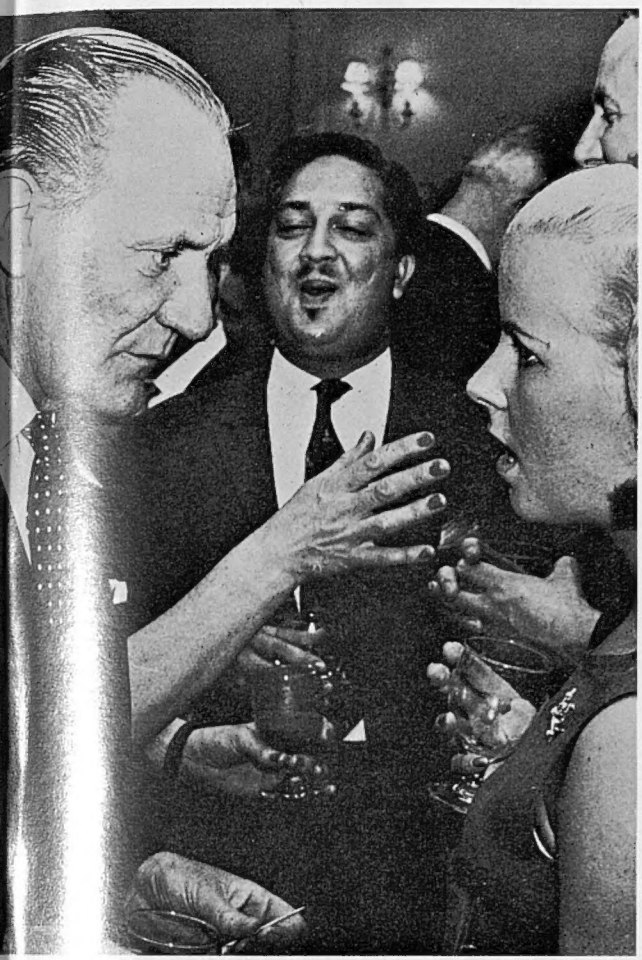


Cross-Channel dancing by Lynda Harvey, a guest on board the *Londoner*, returning from Calais and a fashion cruise organised by "Angela at London Town" and Simpsons "Trend" shop.

Top: Model Sue Marshall demonstrates the casual approach to shipboard dancing on the fashion cruise. Above: Amanda Clapperton was another who enjoyed the gaiety aboard the *Londoner*.

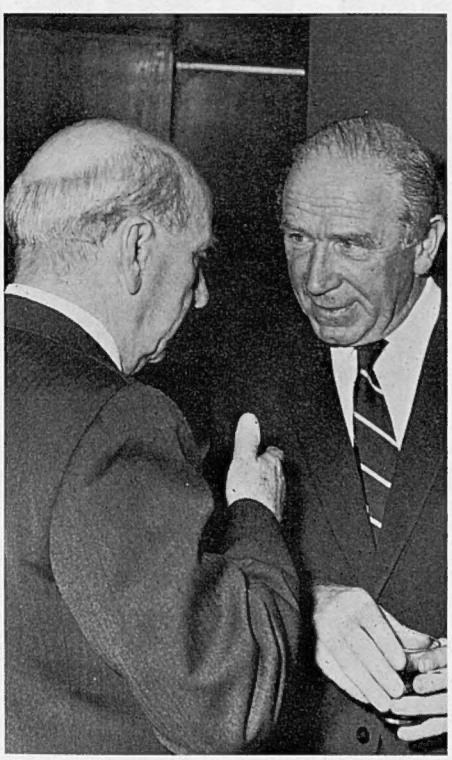
Below: Actor Trevor Howard was a guest at a party given at the Panamanian Embassy for President Johnson's doctor, Dr Max Jacobson.

Right: Prince Radziwill shakes hands with Dr Max Jacobson, while Mrs Lee Radziwill looks on at the Panamanian Embassy party.

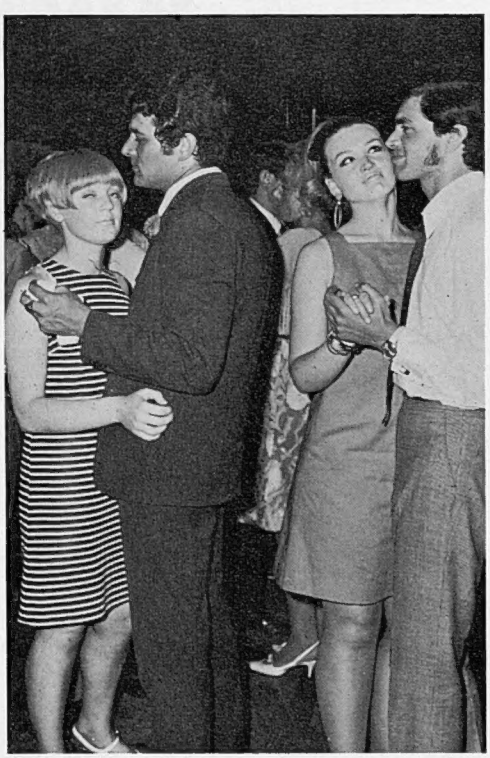


At a literary party last week, Lady Margaret Douglas-Home with Mark Longman, the publisher.

Mr and Mrs Walter Winward looking suitably happy at a literary party last week. His book, *The Success*, has just been accepted for publication by Cassells.



A football occasion at the Royal Garden Hotel last week, with Manchester United manager Matt Busby talking to William Simpson, President of the Canadian Football Association.



British entrants at the Knokke song festival in Belgium relax: Truly Smith, Eden Kane, Pauline Hutson and Englebert Humpeldinck. (see also David Wynne-Morgan's column, page 10.)

WHERE BOYS AND GIRLS GET THE LONDON LOOK

Firms throughout Britain are bringing their girl employees to London for the "finishing school" treatment in a bid to increase their poise, self-confidence and ability to express themselves. Young people are taking part-time courses at the new £200,000 National Association of Youth Clubs' headquarters opened recently by the Queen Mother in Devonshire Street, Marylebone.

The NAYC is a non-party, inter-denominational association with 250,000 boys and girls from clubs up and down Britain. Ages range from 14 to 21.

At their spanking new headquarters they are now holding special courses for young people from industry and youth clubs. One, called Contemporary Design Week for Girls, concerns good grooming and shrewd buying.

"We send them to fashion houses, department stores and the Design Centre," a spokesman said. "They also go to exhibitions, the theatre and private homes. It does them good – they see much more than they normally would."

Another course deals with a look at London. Boys and girls are shown the Proms, Houses of Parliament, teenagers' clubs, sport and street markets, museums and Carnaby Street. "Everything that sums up London life we show them," the spokesman added.

Other educational entertainments include visits to art galleries, ballet, and the opportunity to join in "spontaneous and inventive drama" at Devonshire Street, and examine the London theatre.

The Queen Mother, who is Patron of the NAYC, saw their new building in detail at the opening ceremony. She was impressed with the modern 70-seat restaurant, large conference hall and roomy bedrooms and dormitories where teenagers can stay overnight.

The most expensive

The main cafeteria, which lies below the Thames waterline.

and it's costing

THE most expensive staff canteen in Britain has opened at London's County Hall for the 7,000 people who work for the GLC. Expensive does not mean the meals are costly. It's just that the venture cost £367,500, and County Hall employees consider it money well spent.

At the same time, they justifiably object to the words "staff canteen." For this is more an amalgam of a club and *de luxe* Corner House.

Official name for it is the County Hall Luncheon Club. The GLC will be able to recover part of the £367,500 through its war damage reinstatement claim. But officials are coy about detailing exactly how much public money has gone into the venture.

The reinstatement claim follows damage done to the front of the building when a land-mine was dropped during the war. For years, the damaged area was covered in rubble, mortar and crumbling brick. Clearance began two years ago and the club opened on 4 July.

Sample menu in table-service restaurants:

Orange or grapefruit cocktail
Cream of celery soup
Fillet of plaice, sauce tartare
Turbot with prawn sauce
Braised breast of chicken
Grilled pork chop
Boiled silverside of beef and dumpling
Selection of cold meats and salad
Fresh salmon

Bakewell tart with custard
Steamed apple roll and custard
Creamed ground rice with Melba sauce
Lemon and chocolate blancmange
Ices
Cheeses
Tea or Coffee

Lunch in table-service restaurants costs in the region of 6s – 6s 6d.

The main area, and most striking feature, is the vast cafeteria in the basement. It is D-shaped and follows the celebrated curve of the County Hall façade, and can seat 32[illegible]. It is approached by two flanking stairways from the ground floor. Everything has been planned to prevent prolonged queuing and bottlenecks. Employees can approach the 100ft-long serving counter from two ends, and there are four cash desks.

Mahogany floor

Décor and lighting are contemporary, and the floor has been laid in Rhodesian mahogany. But the two most popular features are the quality of the food and the prices . . . generally in the region of 4s 2d for a meal.

The cafeteria lies below the Thames waterline, but natural light has been provided through picture windows on the mezzanine floor.

Lunch is available from

staff canteen in Britain

This corridor is hung with paintings by GLC staff.

The coffee lounge – 120ft long, with window recesses.

you £367,500

11.45 am-2.30 pm, and the menu is changed daily. There are two table-service restaurants on the first floor above, sited at each end of the cafeteria, with views over the river, and there is a third restaurant for senior officials.

Afternoon tea is served in the cafeteria until 6 pm, and a snack bar stays open for at least another hour in the evening for meals.

Running along the mezzanine floor, and overlooking the cafeteria, is a coffee lounge about 120ft long, with fixed banquette seating, and quiet little picture window recesses where clerks and typists can watch passing river traffic.

The luncheon club can seat, and feed, around 800 people at any moment, with something like 120 catering staff on duty. Standards are consistently high, say employees.

Previously, they had to climb flights of stairs or wait for lifts to take them to the "outdated, noisy and inadequate" restaurants near the roof of County Hall, as a GLC spokesman puts it.

Closely planned

Mr Christopher Potter, the man in charge of catering planning and works, told me: "There has been very close liaison between architects, designers and catering people. Everything has been planned to modernise preparation and serving of food, and ensure space and comfort for diners."

As he spoke, people streamed constantly into the cafeteria, and most restaurant tables were filled. The cash registers were jingling.

And what about the enormous cost which works out at more than £450 for every table place? A GLC spokesman commented: "The whole of the stated estimated cost is, at the moment, all chargeable to public funds. But a certain amount of this will be recovered by the reinstatement claim. There will be a net figure, finally, but we cannot estimate, at the moment, what this will be. The funds have been voted by the council, from the council's revenue."

He added: "The report on the new restaurants was taken to the council on 14 July, 1964. The capital, estimated at £367,500, was submitted and agreed on by the council on that date."

The opening of the restaurant almost coincides with fresh criticism of GLC expenditure. This is over the plan to hire 26 extra staff, meaning a £51,000 addition to the payroll, for the council's publicity and information office.

The proposal, to be debated by the council this week, is believed by Mr Desmond Plummer, leader of the Opposition, to be adding a sum nearer £650,000 a year to be borne by the ratepayers.

Already the council's general purposes and establishment committees have approved the creation of 10 new specialist posts. They include a chief publicity officer, at a salary of £3,480, and Press officers at £2,575.

In fairness to the council, it can be pointed out that it is still using the same number of staff on Press and publicity work as did the old LCC, which covered an area of only 117 square miles, as compared with the GLC's 620 square miles.

When the new council officers are appointed, they will be able to share in the facilities of the new County Hall Luncheon Club. Unfortunately, most Londoners, even though they foot the bill by paying rates and taxes, will not be able to join them. To eat there, you have to be a GLC employee.

IT'S CHEAPER TO GO BY BATTERY BIKE

There are two ways of tackling London's traffic problem. One is to drive something so large that you get by on sheer weight and/or prestige. The other is to drive something small and deft, then you can weave your way beneath the outraged noses of taxi drivers and skim skilfully along the gutter. The trend towards the small and manoeuvrable has reached a neat point in the Winn City Bike which is silent – no chugs or revs – as it is electric, operated from a simple 12-volt battery. Operation is simple and top speed is 30 mph. The battery can be recharged (it covers up to 20 miles without charging) by plugging it into any wall socket. The little machine is the brain child of Mr Mussell Winn who also devised ERNIE, the GPO's Premium Bond selector. His bike costs 6d a week to run, and the price is £95 – which is about 285 average taxi rides.

DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

DICK Rowe, who has to live for the rest of his life under the cloud of having auditioned and turned down the Beatles, stared moodily into his glass at the Memlinc Hotel in Knokke, and said to me: "Obviously I have thought about it a lot. I have got to admit that in the same circumstances I would probably do the same thing all over again. You simply cannot judge the Beatles by any normal standards."

His action has cost Decca, for whom he has worked for the past 17 years, at least ten million pounds in sales to date, and as he said: "God knows what the total will be in the end."

The last two years have been ones of agonising reappraisal. "That decision has made a lot of difference to me," said Dick Rowe. "I have become a lot more cautious. If a group auditions for me now and sings mostly out of tune, I still listen very, very carefully. I never lost confidence in my own judgment, but I confess I worried if other people had. Luckily, I worked for Sir Edward Lewis, in my opinion the greatest record man in the business."

Discovered

He has not survived on the loyalty of his boss alone. He is the first to admit that the fact that he discovered and signed up the Rolling Stones only six months after rejecting the Beatles has a great deal to do with the fact that he is still artist and repertoire manager for Decca.

"The fact that I discovered them at all was entirely due to George Harrison of the Beatles. I think he was sorry for me over what happened. He came to see me one day and suggested that I should go down to the Railway Hotel at Richmond where he thought there was a very good group that I should hear. That group was the Rolling Stones. I was not going to make the same mistake twice. I signed them on the spot."

Dick Rowe has other successes to his credit. He signed up the Bachelors, discovered Tom Jones, and personally produced every one of Billy Fury's hits.

"I started life as a stock jobber from a long line of stock jobbers. I could not stand it. After 17 years in the record business I enjoy it just as much as ever. You are permanently living on a razor's edge. You are just as good and no better than your next hit."

Talent spotters

Dick Rowe believes that things are going to get better for the man with an appreciation of talent. "We are no longer just looking for groups or a certain kind of noise. I have instructed all my A & R men now to look for only one thing – talent.

"The ballad is on its way back. It is a natural reaction to rock and roll, which in its various forms has had a very long run of well over 10 years."

Dick Rowe believes that record companies today have got the biggest fight on their hands that they have ever had. "It is no longer a battle against each other," he said. "It is a common fight for all of us to maintain our share of the teenager's money.

"For the first time, male fashion is a very serious challenge. Carnaby Street stands as the greatest threat the record industry has ever had to face."

The Top Ten versus Top Gear battle is on.

Both Dick Rowe and I were in Knokke last week for the eighth *Coupe d'Europe*, the annual pop-singing tournament competed for by teams of five up-and-coming singers from six countries. At the time of writing, the British team of Chelsea student Chloe Walters, seasoned professional Eden Kane, newcomer Engelbert Humpeldinck, whose current record is a hit, former Belfast docker Jimmy Wilson, and Truly Smith, a 16-year-old Lancashire girl for whom everyone in Knokke has been forecasting instant stardom, have reached the final.

Engelbert Humpeldinck has been around for several years singing under the name of Gerry Dorsey. Asked why he changed his name, he replied: "I reckon in this game you have got to be different." Mr Humpeldinck, I hope you are right, because it will be a pity to have a name like that for the rest of your life for nothing.

Knokke is certainly the most international resort on the North Coast of Europe. It has something that very few of the others possess – people. Apart from the casino, the town has no fewer than 37 discothèques and night clubs and all of them were packed.

The most influential people in Knokke are the Nellens family, who not only own La Reserve, one of the finest hotels in Belgium, and the casino, whose turnover is more than double that of Monte Carlo, but also own two other casinos in Belgium, as well as one in Tangiers.

Not appreciated

Not all judges appreciate Britain's pop music. Last year one of the German judges gave Dave Berry, who won the Press prize for the outstanding artist of the whole competition, only two marks out of ten. "He is immoral," said the German. When asked what he had to say about that, Dave Berry replied: "He is a good judge."

Congratulations, George Weidenfeld. I commented on his silence over his romance with Sandra Meyer in my column last week, which appeared on the streets of London on Wednesday morning. He announced his engagement within the hour.

THE FRONT MEN

London's commissionaire-cult enjoys an international reputation for being done with *eclat*. On kerbs and under porticos from Harrods to the Burlington Arcade, their smiles and salutes are part-and-parcel of the scene – as much so as their impressive panoply, which includes anything from red-piping and brass buttons to top hat and tails.

Many of London's doormen are members of ex-Service organisations – the Corps of Commissionaires, the United Service Corps, and the Royal Artillery Association. You can spot them by the uniformity of their uniforms.

Others are individuals, answering only to one employer, and dressing in singular splendour. Whatever their panache, they become an integral detail of London's most dignified doorways.

Left: George Kyryacou, doorman at Wheelers. He has appeared in many films including *Fire Over England*. Behind is Walter L Boultwood, who joined the Carlton Tower staff as a baggage porter. He is now head doorman, aged 33. Next to him is Sergeant Haley, head commissionaire at Thomson House. He has been in his job for 22½ years. On the right stands Robert Baker, for over 30 years a beadle at the Burlington Arcade, wearing Edwardian-style morning coat, yellow waistcoat and carrying his uniquely shaped hat.

(continued overleaf)

Pictures by Stephen Goldblatt

THE FRONT MEN (continued)

"Sergeant" Martin (right), head linkman at the Royal Opera House, wears maroon livery bearing the Royal coat of arms. He was a Sergeant-Major in the Grenadiers until 1949

Alan Wilson (above) has been at the London Hilton for three years. His uniform was designed by Hardy Amies, and the coat and trousers in drab-brown whipcord contrast with the black silk top hat and striped waistcoat.

George Burvill (right) joined Aspreys in 1950 and he is now head commissionaire in charge of security in the jewellery department. He is 65 and keeps up with the times, having appeared in the Beatles' film *Help!*

William Weaver (left) has been the doorman at Harrods for 31 years. Before joining the Life Guards he was an orderly at Buckingham Palace during the reign of King George and Queen Mary. He is 6 feet 4 inches tall – one of the tallest doormen in London.

"Jock" Macleod (right), doorman at the Ritz Hotel since he left the Scots Guards in 1935, claims that through his job he has "met everybody worth knowing."

George Haydock (above) left Quaglino's after 30 years' service and is now carriage man at the Cavendish Hotel. His rifle green uniform is a copy of that worn by the Rifle Brigade.

Bill Welch (right) has been a commissionaire at Fortnum & Mason for 16 years. He retired from the Forces as a sergeant-major and is a member of the Corps of Commissionaires. He is 54.

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR CLARIDGES, WHO ARE A LITTLE SHY ABOUT THIS KIND OF THING

John Korezak (above) is doorman for Harvey Nichols. He came from Poland six years ago, and his ever-helpful and cheerful advice is well known to passers-by in Knightsbridge.

William Davies (above) has been at Sotheby's for only three weeks. He is being instructed in the ways of a doorman by veteran Bill Latimer, doorman of the Parke Bernet gallery in New York.

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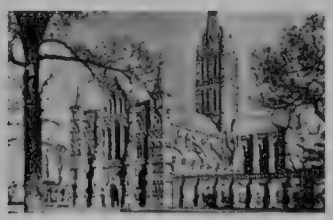


Salisbury Cathedral, Wiltshire

Shakespeare's Birthplace, Stratford on Avon

THE BOUTIQUE BANDWAGGON

Boutique is the big trend word these days. It's Frenc for Little Shop, and far too often it's English for ineffi ciency, rudeness and Who Cares About the Custome Anyway? ANGELA INCE reports on the boutique boon and some of its less attractive aspects.

IT'S about time someone opened a new shop. One of those pleasant old-fashioned affairs, with shop-counters, changing rooms with mirrors, shop assistants who have been in the trade for longer than a week, and an owner who has some basic idea of the theory and practice of commerce. Because people aren't opening shops any more. They are opening boutiques and any resemblance between the two is often purely coincidental.

What is a boutique? Far too often it tends to be a small airless room, decorated "amusingly" or "wittily" (or frankly, "grubbily"). There is a lot of pine panelling about, and scattered round are pieces of Victoriana, *art nouveau* and anything else the owner could lay hands on in what one imagines must have been a frenzied gallop down the Portobello Road. Sometimes there is a cash register lurking behind the trouser-suits. Often there is just a drawer into which money is stuffed in a way that you might describe as lovably casual unless you happen to have backed the project. Somewhere a record player is playing the latest Stones. It is so loud that even the Stone's mother would want to turn it down.

Lolling about in this tiny den are vague female figures. They are here to sell you the clothes, but since their idea of selling appears to be tossir you affronted looks and e changing giggles, you a going to have to be pret iron-hearted to actually bu anything. If you do succeed i finding something you lik you will be lucky to fin your right size (many boutiqu clothes are apparently mad for eight-year-olds who hav just finished a rigorous cours of dieting).

In the corner

You will look for the fittin room to try it on. Well, that the fitting room, over there, i that corner with a piece o mattress ticking, or perha felt, hung crookedly across th front. By the time you ar down to your bra and pant you will have been joined b several other eager shoppers sometimes accompanied b their boy friends, who hav currently replaced mothers a arbiters of taste. I don't object to this, but I'd thank them to keep out of my fitting room while I'm wriggling into a trouser-suit. And when you get your chosen garment on you will quite likely find that you have to keep your shoulders shrugged up to your ears in order to *keep* it on. Not all boutiques are like this, of course. There is a solid nucleus of well-established boutiques, run with verve, originality and charm. There *are* boutiques that offer clothes

This is Biba's—the boutique that started as a mail-order service, caught on so quickly that it now has two excellent branches.

so original that you can't find them anywhere else. There *are* boutiques that sell clothes so cheaply that you wonder how on earth they make it pay. There *are* boutiques whose owners and assistants make an effort to see that you leave their shop with a pretty dress that you're going to be happy in. And there *are* boutiques that employ accountants, and know to the last penny where their profit is going to come from, and when.

It is rather unfair to this type of boutique that the hangers-on who latch on to every new, successful bandwaggon like inefficient leeches should be giving the word boutique such a bad name.

Boutique is a dirty word, to begin with, in the rag trade itself. "When I call on cloth manufacturers and say I'm a boutique," says Wendy Lewis who owns and runs Harriet Boutique "they look at me in a funny way. 'Why are you looking at me like that?' I say. '*Boutique*' they say, 'Well, how long have you been open?' When I tell them I've been running for three years their attitude changes completely and they become helpful and co-operative. But they're frightfully wary of new boutiques – half the time they deliver cloth and simply don't get paid."

"You must realise," says Stephen Fitzsimon, who with his wife Barbara Hulanicki runs Biba, the boutique in Kensington Church Street that sells cheap, stunning and original clothes to girls who flood the shop like lemmings "that the whole rag trade runs on a series of credit. And all this credit depends on the final outlet – at some stage a customer has got to hand over pound notes to the retailer who passes them back along the chain. Boutique is a dirty word to wholesalers or cloth manufacturers because often they aren't getting paid for the goods they supply; either because the girl who is running the boutique is so casual and inefficient that she simply doesn't bother to pay bills, or because the customers aren't coming and she just doesn't have the money."

They complain

"There are so many new boutiques," says one wholesale dress designer with her own house, "they come in here every week wanting to buy stuff – but you know only too well they won't pay."

And it's not only the trade that is complaining about boutiques. Customers are beginning to mutter, too. They are getting tired of walking into a boutique and being treated like a dull, plump, boring old creature who is intruding into a private party. "I went into this boutique," said one girl, "and there were about six men and girls chatting away. When they saw me they stopped talking and stared at me as though I was something weird.

"Then they started talking again, to each other. Nobody said anything so quaintly out of date as 'Can I help you?' I did see something I would have liked to try on, but I simply didn't have the nerve to ask." "I saw a super trouser-suit on a rail," said another girl, "but the trouser part was missing. I asked three girls where it was, and they all more or less told me to find it myself. Well, how would I know where to find their stock for them?"

We're getting tired, too, of paying quite a lot for clothes that last until the first time you sit down in them; Of dresses that look super in the fitting room, but are cut so tightly across the back that you can't move your arms; Of unlined skirts that split at the first dinner party you wear them to; of tiny little minuscule turn-ups that are an apology for hems; of handbags whose handles fall off when you put something in them. Again, reputable boutiques take a lot of time and trouble to make sure that their clothes are well-cut, well-made, well-fitted. But there are plenty around that don't seem to care what happens to the clothes.

Many boutiques have far too little to offer in the way of originality. Their owners go to the same wholesalers and buy the same range of clothes, so that after you have been to five boutiques you begin to get a feeling of dull familiarity (there's a little khaki suit on the road to World's End that I'll scream if I see it once more.)

Hard to find

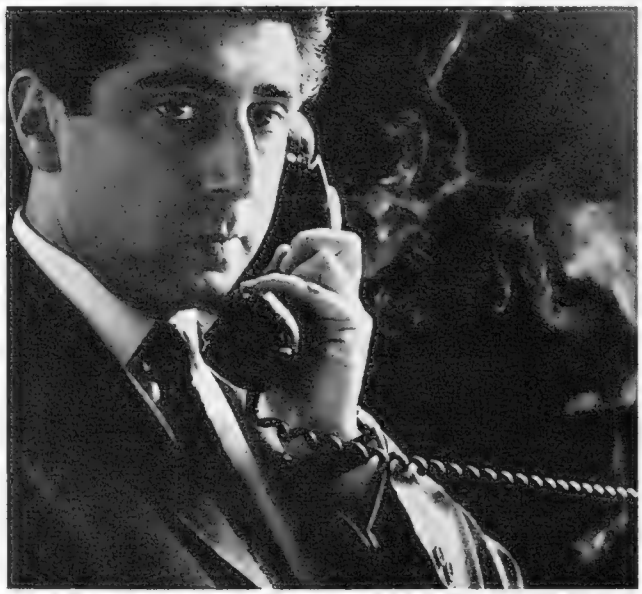
Susan Locke, who runs her own highly successful boutique at 414 King's Road, designs over 75 per cent. of the things herself. "I've got to offer clothes people can't buy anywhere else," she says, "otherwise they just wouldn't bother to come. Why should anyone tramp down to the far end of the King's Road if they can buy the identical thing in Oxford Street?"

And Wendy Lewis of Harriet Boutique, Gregory Place, in Kensington, makes a point of designing the kind of soft, pretty and well-made clothes that are becoming increasingly hard to find.

But boutiques that really care about the customer are in the minority; they start casually (isn't it *super* – Daddy's given me a thousand pounds to start a boutique – it's going to be *quite different*); they carry on casually, and they go broke casually. And in the meantime, like they say, it's the customer that pays.

Even at the Palace, yo
can't always meet the Quee

Heads crane forward to catch the Queen's voice. For not all the 8,000 people invited to the second of this year's three garden parties at Buckingham Palace will be able to meet her. The splendidly robed figure chatting with the Queen is Nigerian dignitary the Oba of Lagos. Ahead of him officials select individuals with whom they feel the Queen might like to talk. This is the tone of all Royal garden parties held in the tree-shrouded gardens at the Palace. Those invited are usually drawn from Parliament, the Diplomatic Corps, local government and the professions. A far cry from Queen Victoria's select little gatherings of friends and élite. Even the dress is changing, nowadays, with such complete informality, grey-and blue-suited figures can be seen among the usual hired morning suits. For those unlucky enough not to meet the Queen, Prince Philip, the Queen Mother, the Duchess of Gloucester or Princess Marina, there are always squelchy chocolate cakes to munch and home-brewed tea to guzzle in the shade. Garden parties have only become so relaxed and awe-removed since the war. "Before that," a Buckingham Palace spokesman commented, "they were always rather quiet and consisted of people known really well by the Royal Family. Or those presented to Court."



MICHAEL CODRON ON PRODUCING PLAYS

Of the younger independent managers, Michael Codron is the most active and has done more than any other to try and bring together the often strange work of young writers and the demands of the commercial theatre. He put on the plays of John Mortimer and Harold Pinter as well as other new dramatists. He has three hits in the West End at the moment : *The Killing Of Sister George, The Anniversary* and *There's A Girl In My Soup.*

I HATE the term impresario – I prefer to call myself a manager or a producer. It was what I always wanted to do, to go into the theatre and into management. But I didn't quite know how to go about it. I was at Oxford and did a lot of work in the theare while I was there, but after I graduated I went into the family business – with no great success. My father is a textile importer in the City. I was not good at it; it's a big public company and I was obviously not going to be good enough to take over.

Then a sort of relative wrote to Jack Hylton asking him to see me – I found out later he asked Hylton to *discourage* me from going into the theatre. However, in a tenuous sort of way I started working for his organisation. At that time Jack Hylton had a very catholic list of productions on hand; there was *The Moon is Blue, Pal Joey, Wish You Were Here,* the Crazy Gang and Arthur Askey in something. It was a marvellous training for me. I was with him for about 18 months, reading scripts and so on.

Then Hylton started giving up the theatre and concentrating on television. There was a play he'd bought, largely on my advice, called *Ring for Catty.* For various reasons the play came free and I came free at the same time, so I put it on myself.

HAZARDS

I started too soon on my own, I think. The first three years were very hazardous. You are responsible to your backers; you lose money. My next play was *A Month of Sundays,* a complete failure. Then I put on *Share My Lettuce,* which started making returns. It had more of me in it than the others. There was Kenneth Williams and Maggie Smith and the pleasure of working at the Lyric, Hammersmith; and it was written by Bamber Gascoigne. It transferred to the Comedy Theatre, then to the Garrick. Then I put on *A Breath of Spring* with Athene Seyler, which was another success. At the same time I took over the Lyric, Hammersmith, for a season and put on two Mortimer plays and Pinter's *The Birthday Party* – which opened on a Tuesday and came off on the Saturday. Harold Hobson rang me up after he'd seen it and asked if he should refer to it in the past or the present tense in his Sunday notice. I said, regretfully, in the past. And that is the last time I shall ever take a play off before the Sunday reviews appear.

The reason I took over the Lyric, later became artistic director of the Arts Theatre, and am now director of the Hampstead Theatre Club, is that my overriding desire is to be connected with a theatre where plays can stay for a while without having to live up to the criteria of a West End run – like whether it has a star or is a good library buy.

I don't think I could have done any more for *Little Malcolm and his Struggle Against the Eunuchs* which had a 10-day run at the Garrick earlier this year. It had been a success when I presented it in Dublin and I felt that John Hurt, who played the lead, was very good. And since a manager is supposed to develop talent, I had to put it on. But, in present conditions, I have given the author a West End failure, and it weighs heavily with me.

INSCRUTABLE

There is no point in being a manager unless one is developing new writers. I get on better with writers than with actors, who seem to find me a little . . . inscrutable, perhaps. And there is that vanity that makes you want to discover whether your taste matches that of the public. I don't reason that *this is what they want, therefore I will give it to them* – as some have suggested I did with *There's a Girl in My Soup.* Again, I like that play and hoped that the public would.

I took a risk with *The Killing of Sister George*: a play with four women, and that usually never goes. With Lesbianism too, people said they couldn't imagine it would go. There's a great element of luck in these things; some plays are lucky, some aren't. There's the question of timing: another play about Lesbianism could have happened just before, and then it got that award. These things are beyond one's control.

TASTE

Public taste changes every two or three years. I don't think we are on to it at the moment; the public doesn't know what it wants until it gets it. There's nothing on at the moment that either reflects the current taste or is changing it. The revivals are making a hit, obviously because they are giving the public and actors and stars something they aren't getting from new writers. I don't do revivals. I did have great success with *Private Lives* but I came a cropper with *See How The Run.*

I don't get as many plays a week as the myth of the manager would have you suppose – about four or five, and through agents. Of course, the things I put on tend to govern the type of play I receive. After *The Caretaker* I got all three-men-in-an-attic type plays. And the controversy over *Entertaining Mr Sloane* put me down as the man who puts on dirty plays.

I have to have at least three plays on the boil at once – rehearsing, playing and touring just to meet my overheads. It also keeps my mind active. I am a restless and dissatisfied person, always looking about. I felt it was a marvellous thing to have put on *The Caretaker* and I was also thrilled with *Next Time I'll Sing to You,* though everyone said it was a lunatic thing to do. I still think there was a lot of luck there.

Looking ahead I am planning to put on four more plays between now and December.

HOW DO YOU DOODLE?

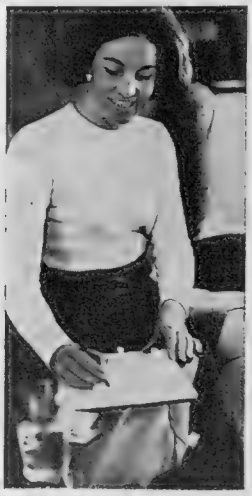
Beside every well-appointed telephone there is a pencil and a piece of paper – and, STD being what it is, there is nothing to do once the number has been dialled but to reverse the pencil and use it for doodling on the paper... But are those doodles really revealing? Do they show the real you? Do your apparently abstract scratch marks show the character you take good care not to reveal to the world at large? *London Life* asked some well-known doodlers to show the results of their doodling, then took the scribbles to a psychiatrist. We didn't tell him in advance to whom the doodles belonged – but his comments could be said to be revealing...

Marjorie Proops: Something eerie – haunted – almost other worldly about this. Would be more at home in fantasy and dreams – introverted – artistic – withdrawn and fearful – the sort of thing I would expect Virginia Woolf to do. Creating beauty from these inner resources. I would think she's fey and difficult to get to know well. Sensitive, easily wounded and subject to depression. A personality like cut crystal – beautiful – but easily shattered. This is the most difficult one to interpret – I am prepared to fail on this one . . . That's what the psychiatrist said without knowing he was looking at doodles by Marjorie Proops, who writes a column for the *Daily Mirror* and has an "Agony" column in *Woman's Mirror*.

More doodles and the psychiatrist's comments overleaf

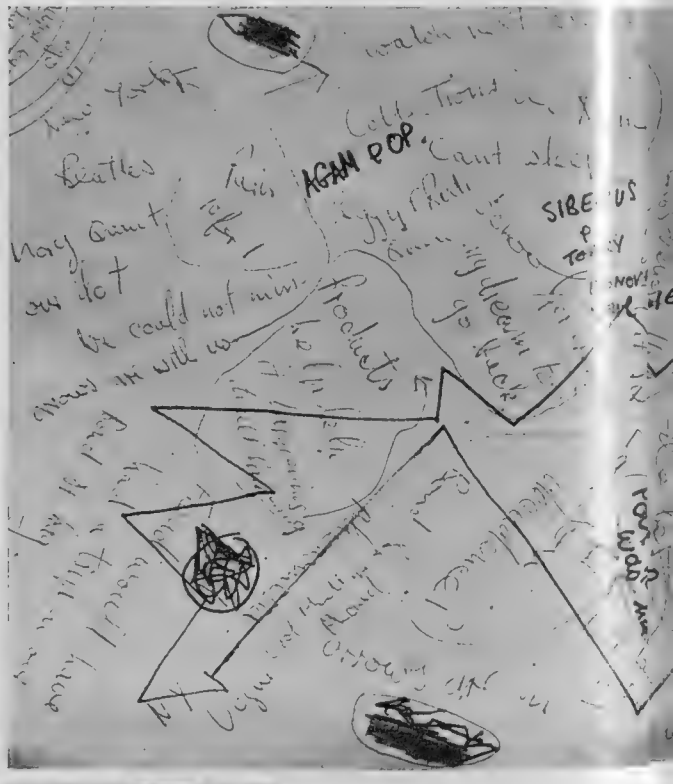
HOW DO YOU DOODLE?

(continued)



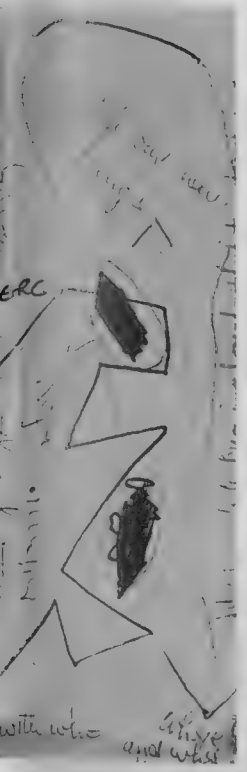
Not revealing – somebody who is as yet a little unsure of herself, says the psychiatrist. *Elisabeth Sellmann doodling in her mews cottage. Elisabeth is German and came to England to learn English at Cambridge 10 years ago. For the last six months she has been training to be an interior decorator at the General Trading Company.*

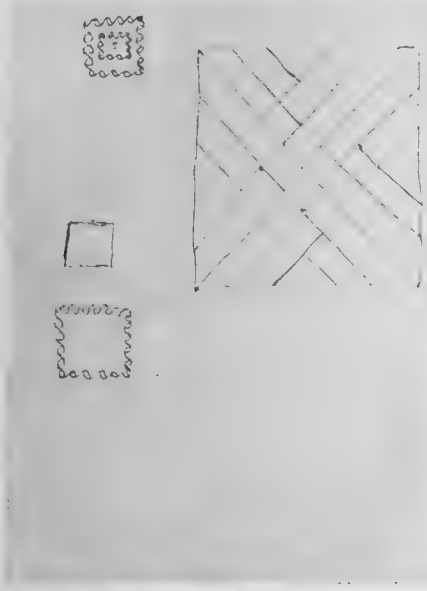
Regards her femininity as a disadvantage and rather crippling – hasn't come to terms with it. Dissatisfied with her achievements, says the psychiatrist. *Charlotte Bingham: A writer. Has written* Coronet Among The Weeds *and* Lucinda. *While working she often finds herself doodling. Charlotte also does freelance journalism, mainly humorous articles. She is married to the actor Terence Brady and they have a 14-month-old baby.*

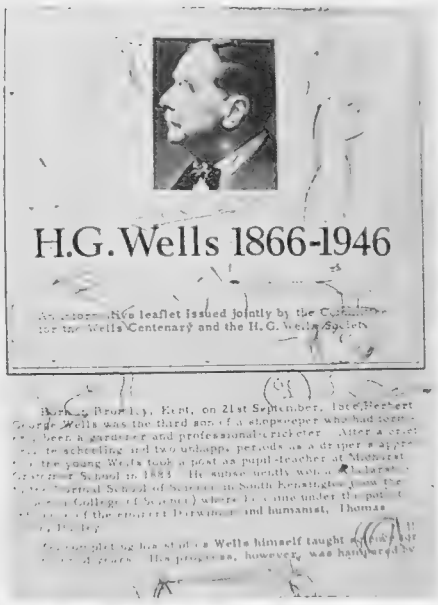


Has a very bad relationship with authority figures. Intended to defeat my efforts. Not openly interested in success – but a would-be leader, says the psychiatrist. *Vidal Sassoon: champion of good hair cutting in Britain, Paris and New York today. We photographed him in his Grosvenor House salon, doodling in one of his very rare free moments.*

Computer-type mind, capable of decision – sense of duty – virile. Capable of a fairly high degree of achievement – on the whole quite a person. He keeps cool in emergency – would be best in meeting deadlines. Would make a good writer or journalist. He is held back by something inside himself which he may not be aware of – has an old-fashioned conscience. Has had to learn to be self-reliant. Has come up the hard way, says the psychiatrist.
Woody Allen, American comedian and writer, photographed in doodling mood. He is over here at the moment filming in Casino Royale *and when he returns to New York rehearsals will start for his play* Don't Drink The Water *which opens on Broadway on 3 November.*





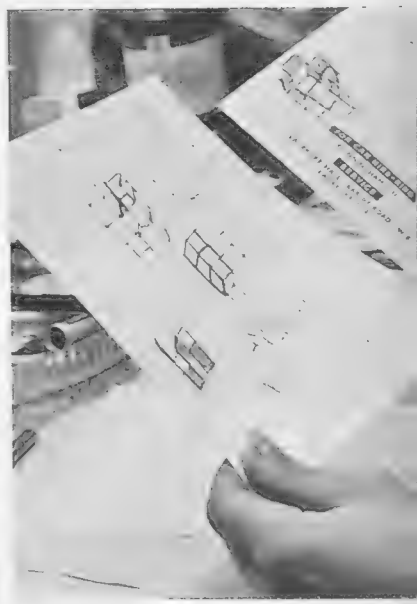


H.G. Wells 1866-1946

An interim fact leaflet issued jointly by the Committee for the Wells Centenary and the H. G. Wells Society

Bromley, Kent, on 21st September, 1866, Herbert George Wells was the third son of a shopkeeper who had been a gardener and professional cricketer. After a short, unhappy period as a draper's apprentice, the young Wells took a post as pupil-teacher at Midhurst Grammar School in 1883. He passed readily with a Scholarship to the Normal School of Science in South Kensington (now the Royal College of Science) where he came under the powerful influence of the eminent Darwinian and humanist, Thomas H. Huxley.

Completing his studies, Wells himself taught [illegible] for several years. His progress, however, was hampered by



Lack of geometricisation. Obviously architectural – might think this is an interior decorator. Does one thing supremely well by limiting his activities. By attacking on a narrow front, he's found a formula for success, says the psychiatrist.
Chris Chataway: Was world record holder for the 3 miles and 5000 metres in 1954. An ex-MP, he works for BBC TV.

Somebody who is succeeding – has few inhibitions. A driving individual – on the whole likeable – little signs of deviousness or deceit. Tremendously ambitious – would make a good advertising man – has a religion of success, says the psychiatrist.
Roy Brooks: The estate agent who brought wit and propaganda into property advertising.

Theatrical type, has over-compensated to a degree where she can brilliantly convince everyone but herself, says the psychiatrist.
Miriam Karlin: Actress, currently appearing in the Saul Bellow plays at the Fortune Theatre. She doodles madly when she can.

Are there ghosts in London's theatres?

Of all professions the theatre is perhaps the most fraught with tradition and superstition. Naturally ghost stories are frequent, especially in the older and more atmospheric of London's theatres. IAN WOODWARD investigates those where alleged hauntings happen

TWENTY-TWO American ghost-hunters filed into the Drury Lane Theatre in the hope that they would be able to entice out the spirit of "The Man in Grey" – the theatre's famous ghost. But those Americans, on a special "Psychic Package Tour" last September, were disappointed. Nothing out of this world materialised.

Only five London theatres can boast "strange goings-on." They are the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, the Adelphi, the Haymarket, the Duke of York's and the Garrick.

But everyone says that the appearance of a ghost is a sure sign that the show or play will have a successful run.

How can you "feel" the presence of a ghost? I put this question to American spiritualist, Mrs Lucille Bradshaw. She says: "When ghosts are about, there is a strange odour – and a peculiar chill."

Back at the Theatre Royal, I asked the theatre's general manager, Mr George Hoare, about the famous Man in Grey. He has never seen the ghost himself in the nine years he has been at the theatre, but he believes it exists. "About a hundred years ago," he said, "workmen were working on some walls inside the auditorium, when a part of the wall sounded hollow where it should have been solid. They broke it down and discovered a small, bricked-up room . . . and slumped in one corner was a skeleton with a dagger of Cromwellian design in its ribs."

Is the Man in Grey the ghost of the skeleton?

"We're not really sure," he replied. "Apparently he is a very impressive-looking character. He wears 18th-century clothes, a three-cornered hat placed on a grey powdered wig, a long grey cloak from which hangs a sword, and a pair of riding boots. But if any of your readers hope to see him, then they'll have to come to a matinée performance, because he's only ever seen between 9 am and 6 pm. In fact, he's one of those rarities – a daytime ghost. He prefers the Upper Circle to any other part of the house."

Probably more people have claimed to have seen the Man in Grey than any other theatre ghost. Cleaners, actors (from the stage) and members of the audience all say they have seen him. In 1939, the whole cast of Ivor Novello's *The Dancing Years* thought they saw him.

Friendly spectre

The Man in Grey is apparently a very friendly spectre, who will occasionally sit in a vacant seat after doing his "rounds" at the back of the upper circle. Mr Hoare showed me a letter he received in 1963 from a spiritualist in Hampshire who claims that the theatre's ghost is that of Arnold Woodruff, who appeared at Drury Lane during the last century. In the letter, the spiritualist says: "Next time you see him, speak to him. He will answer you. Call him Friend Arnold – sometimes they are very pleased to speak about themselves." Adds Mr Hoare: "I shall certainly pay my compliments if ever I see him."

At the Garrick Theatre, in Charing Cross Road, I spoke to J Lytton, the general manager. He told me the theatre is supposedly haunted by the great tragic actor, David Garrick – even though the theatre wasn't built until more than 100 years after his death. "One would really expect him to haunt the Drury Lane Theatre," says Mr Lytton, "but perhaps he just nips over to the Garrick to pay his compliments to us for using his name!"

Garrick is said to haunt the long emergency staircase – known as "The Phantom Staircase" – that runs the entire height of the building, from the stage right up through the dress circle and into the gallery. Cleaners have told me they have often "felt his presence." "But he is the type of ghost," continues Mr Lytton, "who is heard rather more than seen – footsteps and doors closing . . . things like that. I personally have my doubts, although some of my staff obviously think otherwise."

Just round the corner from the Garrick, in St Martin's Lane, is the Duke of York's Theatre. There, Violet Melnotte – who was the joint-owner-manager with her husband, Frank Wyatt – is the theatre's prized ghost. The manager, Mr Robert Howard, says she is more of "a managerial ghost," because she has never been seen anywhere but in his office. Again, she is one of those ghosts who is more often "felt" than seen.

"Violet Melnotte lived in the theatre with her husband," said Mr Howard, "and her office was the same one as I am at present using. My three good ladies who run the box office will not come into my office for love or money after the theatre is dark. It takes all their courage simply to open the door and poke their heads round to speak to me. They say they have heard the most peculiar tales – but always it is more of a weird 'feeling' than anything else.

"Miss Melnotte was of the good old-fashioned type theatrical manager – very mysterious. Before she died in 1935, aged 79, she frequently stood in the main foyer to welcome members of the audience, and she wore black from head to foot. She would stand on a little black mat, two feet square, in the middle of the foyer.

"I haven't seen her – but then I am a great disbeliever in the supernatural, and it would take more than my staff's stories to frighten me out of my office."

At the Adelphi, manager John Barber told me: "It has been rumoured that we have a ghost; certainly we've ha some strange happening Doorkeepers have seen th backstage lift start on its ow and heard strange footstep William Terriss, the gre 19th-century Adelphi acto was stabbed dead by a mani outside the old stage-door 1897, and some people say it his spirit that is responsible

When the ghost of Terri apparently turned up o evening in June 1962, B Moore and his mate Quent Annis, of the stage staff, h very definite ideas about wh they had seen. Bob, now burly 23-year-old, recalls: " was just after 10.30 at nig and the stage was dark, exce for two small pilot ligh Quentin had gone up the sta to turn off a power supply. had a strange cold sensati and then I saw this sha about four yards away. seemed to be in human for though I couldn't tell whethe a man or woman.

Nearly fainted

"It seemed to be lit but the was no light shining on i and it wasn't exactly standi on the stage but rather flo ing just above. I was terrifi and ran up the stairs a nearly fainted. I did not pa ticularly believe in ghosts, b no one will ever persuade m that I did not see one."

And Quentin: "I had the same sort of cold sensation. But as I was up the stairs I did not see anything."

At the Haymarket, Mr Anthony Peek, the stage director, told me about the ghost of John Buckstone, who was the Haymarket's owner-manager in the middle of the last century. "He was the favourite theatre manager of the young Queen Victoria," says Mr Peek, "and long after the death of the Prince Consort, she retained the Royal Box during Buckstone's lifetime. But the spirit of our Mr Buckstone is really too much of a professional to interfere with

Mrs Carmen Sylva Watson (right), manager and licensee of the Haymarket Theatre: "When Buckstone turns up, you can be sure the show's going to be a success."

the actors on the stage, although in the auditorium he'll pop up all over the place."

The Haymarket has been in the family of the present manager and licensee, Mrs Carmen Sylva Watson, for over 100 years, and she told me of the many weird encounters that have occurred there in recent years. There was the night when her father-in-law and Mr Turner (manager of the Saville Theatre) were doing the "first-night sheet" (selecting who should attend the first night of a production when there are more applications than seats available). It was late at night and they were the only two people in the theatre.

Petrified

The door of the ante-room in which they were working slowly began to open, creaking terrifyingly, and then just as slowly closed again, the door handle turning and clicking fast. They were so petrified that they just sat there staring at the door.

On another occasion, and in the same room, Mrs Watson's late husband, Stuart (then the manager), had a similar experience, only this time some unseen hand switched off both lights. There was no one in the doorway.

Lady Richardson (Meriel Forbes, the actress wife of Sir Ralph) says she has often been in her dressing-room, "and although I haven't actually seen or heard anything, I have had the most curious feeling that someone was very near – watching me."

Actress Margaret Rutherford says she has been visited by "a hairy-legged ghost." It happened when she spent a night in the theatre in 1963. Seventy-five-year-old Miss Rutherford told me: "During the early hours I had a vision, perhaps a very vivid dream, of something in an old cupboard in the room. The cupboard could not close because of my voluminous dresses. And then, among the dresses, I saw . . . a man's hairy leg. I caught a glimpse of his face and recognised it as that of John Buckstone, who is supposed to haunt the theatre.

"I awoke saying, '*Thank you, thank you, thank you,*' because he is reputed to appear only when productions are going well. My husband, Stringer Davis, said I had been calling out in my dream and at the same time he heard a noise in the cupboard."

Margaret Rutherford added that she has experienced the "eerie feeling that something strange, unworldly, was very close at hand, particularly when we were rehearsing *School for Scandal* a couple of years ago." During later rehearsals of the same play, other members of the cast said they saw a ghostly figure in the Royal Box: "Undoubtedly Buckstone paying his respects to Queen Victoria." They also saw the dust-sheets in one of the boxes being pulled away to the floor. "But this must have been our other ghost," said Mrs Watson, "because Buckstone would never be so inconsiderate.

A success

"When Buckstone turns up," she said, "you can be sure the show's going to be a success. Sir Ralph Richardson always seems to attract him – his good taste, you see. Of course, he prefers Queen Victoria's old box, but various members of my staff have seen him in other parts of the house.

"Late one evening, after a show had long been over, I was walking from the dress circle foyer along the passage that leads to my office; off it, to the right, runs the passage to my private box. I walked straight on, but I noticed that the shadow which I thought was mine steered off to the right down to my box. Perhaps this was just a quirk of light playing tricks, I thought. So I walked back to check and proceeded to advance in the same direction again – but this time there was no shadow at all. I suddenly felt very frightened."

In the cold, empty auditorium I retraced the steps of the ghosts that haunt the Haymarket – I stood in the Royal Box beloved by Buckstone's spirit, I sat in one of the rear dress-circle seats favoured by the "other" ghost, I walked down the narrow, eerie passage where a shadow went one way and Mrs Watson went the other, I sat in the ante-room where the door has opened unaided and the lights have switched themselves off. It was a weird experience, as anyone who has been alone in a dark, empty theatre will know.

Sir Ralph Richardson walked in just as I was leaving, and I thought that the quiet ghost of John Buckstone was probably close by.

Samantha

Fashion and Samantha Eggar seem to go hand-in-hand. Born in London, the 26-year-old Samantha was given her first big acting break by Cecil Beaton, who cast her in his play *Landscape With Figures*. That was only four years ago. Today she is starring opposite Cary Grant in a big new comedy called *Walk, Don't Run*, which has a triple West End opening at the Columbia, New Victoria and Odeon, Kensington, on 21 July. In it, Samantha is a fashionable young student staying in Tokyo at the time of the 1964 Olympic Games, and wears some gay, eye-catching creations. Shortly after completing the film, she didn't walk, or run, but flew to Paris dress designer Réal to try on his latest fashion collection. Réal, who is couturier to Brigitte Bardot, is such an admirer of the willowy Eggar figure and her fashion sense that he invited her over specially to try on the dresses.

Hair up, loving the style of the evening dress in pale pink crepe, but a little unsure of the colour.

A patient Samantha sips a reviving cup of coffee, waiting for the fittings to be completed on this dramatic black, heavy-knit wool dress, finished with delicate hand-crocheted edges.

Above: Feet up ready to go – a wonderful way to end a day's shopping, buying matching accessories from Réal.

Right: Samantha obviously pleased with the effect of this stunning party dress in Mexican pink and burnt orange sunset colours. Beautifully cut in fine chiffon, with matching hand-made rose.

Problem solved – Samantha's choice for a romantic evening, a beautifully cut crepe dress in white. It has a moulded bustline and a cascade of swirling pleats, giving a wonderful floating illusion as she moves.

SARAH DRUMMOND

TALKING FASHION

THE girl on the cover this week is Belinda Willis. You've seen her in *London Life* several times. Now you are beginning to see her in other magazines and newspapers, and you'll see plenty more of her. Because Belinda is the one in a million girl: she started modelling this March, and she's heading for the top.

Belinda is 18. Her father is a member of Lloyd's, her brother is on the Stock Exchange and she has a married sister. Her parents live in Hertfordshire, and Belinda has a flat in London, which she shares with four other girls. She went to school at Runton Hill in Norfolk, which she remembers chiefly for tennis and music classes.

From the age of 14 Belinda wanted to be a model. She started experimenting clothes on herself, collected photographs from fashion magazines and when, in the afternoons at school, home clothes were worn, Belinda often used to borrow things from the acting cupboard. In spite of this hobby, she got two A-levels (English and Zoology – she was passionately interested in the latter).

Cambridge?

At 17 she wanted to be head girl, but never made it. So she toyed with the idea of going to Cambridge. But instead, she left school, and did a secretarial course, "because I thought it was a good thing to do between times." Though what was the other side of the gap, she still didn't know. In fact, there followed a two-month period of doing nothing in London: it was a social time, a fun time, but fairly fruitless. She still vaguely had modelling at the back of her mind, but had no idea how to go about it.

Then she met Jeremy Banks, picture executive, and photographer Allan Ballard, who took the picture on the page opposite and on the cover. They were immediately certain that her sculptural, elegant, good looks were photogenic and would take her very far modelling. Not only that, they felt that Belinda had the indefinable "it" – the poise, the charm, the freshness, the look – she was full of natural potentialities.

That was in March of this year. A few days later, Allan's views were thoroughly confirmed by the results of his first photographs of her. Since when, work has never stopped pouring in. She has also recently made her first big break in advertising here, and Eileen Ford is signing her up in America. And all this in four months.

Hard-working

I asked Belinda how all this affected her. Did she still see her old friends? "I've always had very few girl friends, just two or three, and I still see them often." However, she found herself seeing less and less of the old *milieu*, because she had less in common with them now; she was meeting more and more extremely hard-working, creative, ambitious people.

"I'm a very family person and nothing could ever change that – I still go home every weekend. Really, I haven't changed basically. I've just had a stroke of luck." I can't help wondering if those "old friends" aren't rather jealous.

Fashion-wise, Belinda's taste and attitude have developed in leaps and bounds. More and more she likes simple clothes; she has learnt what suits her: for the evening she loves very full trousers; she likes to reflect colours – say pink stockings and pink ribbons in her hair; and the colours she adores are orange, green and pink. Belinda makes practically all her own clothes. "But do you still get time?" I asked. "Yes, I sew at the weekends, or after a session – it's a great relaxation. I like pretty clothes, delicious scent and nice hair." And this, I think, is the key to Belinda's personality: her individuality. She thinks for herself. She finds things out for herself. "Since I discovered that important rule – to wear what suits me – it means it matters more what my face looks like."

Make-up was a question of trial and error: studying beauty bulletins in fashion magazines, experimenting with all kinds of colours and bottles and brushes. I've often watched her make up – she is very quick, and very deft, and *very* good. She says she dresses to please herself. One of her worst fears is that someone arrives to take her out and laughs at her: "because he thinks I look a sight." Belinda is far from complacent.

This attitude is reflected in her work, and she says she is terrified of making a fool of herself. "I couldn't bear to do kookie, cute pictures, jumping about, making funny faces – it would be so embarrassing." What she admires and aims at is the solemn, dead-pan face, which she reckons is the perfect peg to hang elegant clothes on. "I'd like to be able to pick and choose who to work with, that'd be fun." At the moment, she still likes to work with Allan Ballard best of all. "It's very exhausting and very exciting. You have to be 110 per cent. there."

Professional

I find Belinda delightful to work with. She is very funny and good-tempered (however wrong things, like clothes not turning up, seem to be going), very quick and very professional. She has a marvellous gift of getting the feel of clothes – so that when you put her in something, she instantly has a bright, right idea of what to do with her hair, where to put a pin, and how to move in the dress.

On the question of hair, it amazed me to hear that Belinda never goes to the hairdresser. "I find I can manage it better myself, and I've got a lovely piece." So far, I've seen her fix about a dozen different styles.

What about behind the fashion scene: How did this strike Belinda? She says that when she looks at photographs in magazines now, she takes into account the difficulties involved in taking the picture, admires the composition of a photograph, and realises that a lot of what she thought was natural is in fact the result of carefully contrived setting up of a shot by the photographer – with the model's help.

Long dinner

After a day's work, Belinda likes to unwind and relax with first a bath, then some sewing, and then, her favourite thing of all, a long dinner with friends: "Just talking, you know, about nothing in particular." She reads a lot – mostly historical novels and thrillers; she loves the cinema rather more than the theatre, and adores water ski-ing.

Belinda is very aware of the frivolity and shallowness of some of the fashion world. She is aware that as a model there is the danger of narcissism, and keeps reminding herself that it isn't *that* important. "It would be easy to become big-headed, and for what?" I'm sure she won't. She's too nice.

Belinda (right) . . . the solemn face that she believes is the perfect peg to hang clothes on. The cover picture shows Belinda, in languid mood, in chiffon trousers and spangled top, by Georgina Linhart, 30 guineas at Woollands. Earrings £1 10s by Felicity Bosanquet at Marrian - McDonnell. Woollands, Knightsbridge, SW1 (BEL 6000); Marrian-McDonnell, 80 Sloane Avenue, SW3 (589 0717). *Picture: Allan Ballard*

WHAT NOW FOR THE BEATLE-MAKER?

He is one of the richest pop managers in the business now—but he says he doesn't expect to outlast the Beatles. His friends think differently.

continued on next page

Tough yet easily hurt, smooth, dignified, artisti… qualities to which Brian Epstein's friends attribut…

(continued)

AT the age of 31, Brian Epstein is now on the threshold of that delightful situation known as extreme independence – or, as he puts it, "being able to do what one wants, when one wants." It is a situation he has worked hard to achieve and, naturally, since managing The Beatles is not a cloistered task, a great many people have been on hand to witness Mr Epstein indulging in his chosen vocation.

Before I visited him at his home in Belgravia, I spoke to some of the people who know him. Their views concurred with remarkable frequency, which suggests Mr Epstein is, above all things, constant. But this is a view with which he hastened to disagree, explaining: "I am aware of posing sometimes behind two or more personalities."

A stayer

Mr George Martin, the man who records The Beatles, says of Mr Epstein: "Smooth is not a very nice word, but it does describe him. He is good looking, always well groomed and generally even-tempered. I would say he is extremely artistic and as such people close to him could hurt him quite easily; he's likely to bruise.

"Although he is obviously very proud of himself, he is not completely egotistical: I should say he is about as ruthless as I am. (Mr Martin is not generally considered so.) He tends to play things by ear and in the past his off-the-cuff decisions have been invariably right. What most impressed me in the early days was his complete and utter faith in The Beatles; he knew the boys had something unique. He has a tremendous reputation for being tough. People think of him as a machine, but he is very human. Apart from good food and drink, which he loves, his idea of heaven is The Beatles always being Number One in the hit parade.

"One thing he doesn't like is trickery, people trying to con him. I think he is nostalgic about the stage, but I doubt if he could make an actor now. (Epstein was once a RADA student, but left after one year.) If he hadn't managed The Beatles he would have been a success at something in the arts, a ballet impresario or something. He mixes quite a lot with people in the opera and ballet world and he is never embarrassed by his connection with The Beatles. His consuming passion is Spain and the bullfight, and as for books and authors his taste is quite catholic, in spite of the fact he is Jewish."

Bachelor with a Victorian air. "It's basic," says Epstein.

Down in Kensington, Richard Lester, the American film director who made both The Beatles' films, was doing his polite damnedest to persuade a bored-looking bloodhound to eat some dog meat for yet another dog food commercial. Eventually the dog won the day, the script was changed a little, and the crew broke for lunch.

Mr Lester, his tanned forehead glowing like all that's best in the South of France, commented: "Epstein is a man of reasonable dignity. I don't suppose he is any more mannered than the rest of us in this occupational area." As we progressed towards the Steak House in Kensington High Street, Mr Lester deliberated on Mr Epstein's commercial success: "I don't think he is at all ruthless. Surely his greatest talent is for timing – by that I mean he took the boys to the United States at just the right time, he decided to make their films at just the right time. He has a very accurate judgment."

Two Lowry's

Mr Lester was at a loss to describe any personal habit or quirks of Mr Epstein, "although if he threw a fit every 13 minutes I think I'd notice." He also noticed that Mr Epstein has taste: "It shows in his clothes (he is always quietly elegant), his pictures (he has two Lowry's), his glass and his furniture." As to the future, Mr Lester considers Mr Epstein is here to stay.

Finally, Dick Lester spoke of manners. "Both he and the boys have a Victorian air about them; they tend to get up when an older person enters the room."

I asked if they stood up for him. Mr Lester, who is a bit thin on top, winced and said they did and added: "Thank you, very much."

At the Liverpool headquarters of Nems Enterprises I spoke to Brian's younger brother, Clive Epstein. Aged 29, he is a director of the family business, Nems Retail, concentrating on TV rentals, radios and electrical equipment. He is also a director of Nems Enterprises, the business started by his 31-year-old brother, which rejoices in the telegraphic address: *Nemperor.*

"My brother is a very determined sort of person," says Clive Epstein. "We were at Wrekin College together and

rilliant, socially charming . . . these are some of the

is success. But, asks JOHN VINER, what of the future?

even then he showed a certain direction – he was brilliant, but for the wrong reasons, at public school. He never excelled at Rugby; it was much more likely to be the school play, or painting. Those were the things he enjoyed most.

"I always feel that Brian is tremendously conscious of other people, their birthdays, anniversaries and so on. He really enjoys doing things for people. He is always trying to encourage me to be impeccable, like him. You see, I'm a bit plumper than he is and I think he feels I should take some weight off. Once upon a time we went to the same tailor."

Early days

In Liverpool you'll find Mr Bob Wooler, who now runs a theatrical agency, and before The Beatles met Mr Epstein, he was a disc-jockey based at that shrine, the Liverpool Cavern Club. "In those days," says Mr Wooler, "The Beatles were getting £6 to £7 a lunchtime session and I went with them to Nems record department to meet Epstein for the first time. "It was an incongruous sight – he, on the one hand, so refined, The Beatles, on the other, in leather jackets and jeans. He loves expensive, impeccable clothes; he is quite an epicure, and that's not a play on words. He hates scenes, never likes to appear ruffled, and is a man who loses his temper with great reluctance. In the beginning I don't think his mater and pater approved of The Beatles and their appearance, but Brian has completely vindicated himself.

"If he had not found The Beatles he would have found another outlet for his talent. I've known him since the very beginning and I saw him in London at a first night recently – it was a pleasure to note he hadn't changed at all, that he hasn't developed any airs or graces."

Brian Mulligan worked for Nems Enterprises for a year, but left 16 months ago to work for one of the major record companies. With considerable experience of the average pop manager, he says: "By and large they are not people of refinement. Brian is. He is elegant, beautifully mannered, and socially has great charm and courtesy. I felt he didn't really enjoy the administrative side of business, but he very much enjoys the sweet life and would, I think, prefer to leave the business side to someone else. I feel he is a frustrated Thespian."

There was one other person whose views on Mr Epstein I wanted. The views of Mr Bernard Delfont. Recently Mr Epstein became chairman and managing director of Delfont's company, Japspic, and so took over the controlling interest in the Saville Theatre. But Mr Delfont's secretary informed me he had made a decision not to say anything about Mr Epstein.

So that left Brian Epstein himself, padding downstairs to invite me to his first-floor sitting-room overlooking the very best part of Belgravia, ordering coffee over his two-way speaker tucked away in the wall, and wondering how long it would be before we became accustomed to air-conditioning.

Eye for detail

I mentioned some of the things his friends and acquaintances had said of him. What about his great attention to detail? "Yes, I have," he replied. "I don't like delegation, I can't resist involvement." And the sweet life? "Yes, I enjoy it, both the run around *discothèque* thing and the luxury of good things. An uncle of mine once took me to dinner at the Savoy grill when I was a National Service private at Aldershot, and he said: 'This is what you really enjoy.' Scenes? I don't like them very much, but I'll throw one if I feel it's necessary. Apparently, I don't often look ruffled, but by and large that is a façade. When I'm worried I chew my nails."

The Beatles refer to him, out of his earshot, as "Eppie." "They never call me that to my face. But I suppose it's quite endearing, really – I was called that at school.

"I don't think I'm clever at making money. I'm not a fool but I'm not a financial genius. I'm sensitive, I think, and of all the things which hurt me, giving people bad advice hurts most. I'm much more careful about judging people now, and quite prepared to change my first opinion. I'm not easily conned."

Beatles no bar

Although his interests are now diverging into other more pure forms of artistic direction, he says he is never embarrassed by his connection with The Beatles. "And anyway, if I'm at the opera or theatre I find the English are too sensitive to say anything about the boys.

"I'm not ruthless; I don't find it an advantage to be ruthless. I am aware I have a good sense of timing and it is sufficiently strong for me to weigh up the pros and cons. As to my Victorian air. It may appear so to others but really it's a basic, quite natural approach. People seem surprised we do anything quite normally. All this finger snapping, hippy business is very contrived; so much nonsense in many ways."

Politically, Epstein is a Socialist at heart: "But it's not very good for me because they take most of the money I make. You just don't believe they can take so much."

As a child he was brought up in his parents' Jewish faith. "But religion doesn't appeal to me now; I can't take it. I'm respectful when I should be, no more. It doesn't worry my parents." For exercise he swims occasionally and when in the country he likes walking. "By and large I'm healthy. I don't smoke much, about 10 filters a day, and then only in the evening. Of course, I'm aware of the cancer thing, but I don't think I run much risk."

About London's new mantle of being a "swinging city," he says: "There is a very grave danger of people deluding themselves into thinking this is some sort of artistic progress. I think this Mod thing is awful. I haven't had much to do with it.

"I don't see much TV; I'm much more addicted to newspapers. Some of our Press is incredibly trite, but it seems to me there are others much worse." Apart from the bullfight, he is currently indulging in a gourmet's passion for a Spanish cold soup called *Gazpacho*: "I sometimes have it three times a day."

Epstein runs three cars – a maroon Rolls, a grey convertible Bentley and a white Mini. "I don't know why they are all coloured. I used to have all-black cars."

The future

Cilla Black recommended that he should have his hair cut at Raphael and Leonard and, fingering his long sideboards, he says "It's much nicer there than at a barber's."

His current thoughts, he adds, are about marriage, not because of his age (he is 32 in September), but because "I think it would be nice." And he wants children. Then, with some candour, he says he would swop everything he has to be able to write songs like John Lennon and Paul McCartney, "because that is basically a creative talent."

What of the future? He says he doesn't expect to last any longer than The Beatles – but that is an opinion which few people who know him would agree with. Mr Epstein has a look of extreme permanence about him.

The picture on pages 28 and 29 is by Robert Whittaker. The picture on page 30 is by John Benton Harris.

Above: White ribbon cocktail dress from Maxine Leighton. Photographed in the study, which has black leather furniture and dark green walls adorned with pictures of her husband in his motor-racing days.

Right: Cream gabardine jumper suit by Clive. Her bracelets are by Ken Lane an American now selling exciting jewellery to Dickins & Jones. Photographed in her sitting room.

ONE WOMAN'S WARDROBE

This week—Virginia Blond

Virginia Blond, who married to Peter Blon the ex-racing driver w now works in textiles, liv in a charming house Chapel Street. They ha one daughter, Rebecc aged three. Virginia start working as a secretary "the worst in Londo – and found that she cou make more money mod ling. So, with no previo training, she joined t Jean Bell Agency a became one of Britain top photographic a show models. Virgi feels that she did not lea her dress sense throu her modelling career, a one so often has to we clothes that do not su the particular model. B she does admit that mode ling helped her acces sorise more carefully. Vir ginia prefers casual clothes – but by casual she does not mean sweaters and skirts or trousers. The latter, she says, do not suit her because she is too thin. She prefers little knitted dresses, which are simple to wear, pretty and feminine, while being un fussy. Her favourite clothes come from Maxine Leigh ton, Polly Peck (they always have something for

Left: Photographed on the balcony of her house, Mrs Blond wears a cotton raincoat and matching skirt, covered in polythene; black with pink, green and blue flowers printed on it. The outfit is French, by Laura, and comes from Maxine Leighton.
Below: A striking cocktail suit in blue lace from Deliss in Beauchamp Place.

Above: Red knitted dress with yellow castellations by Rosalind Yehuda. Photographed in her dining room against flamingo-coloured silk paper that was painted in Eastern-style afterwards.

her if she needs a dress in a hurry), Harriet Boutique, Tony Armstrong and Jaeger (for their marvellous suits and skirts). Her favourite London couturier is Clive: because he is young and nearer to Paris couture than the other members. Virginia has worked for Clive as a model, and she has one Cardin cocktail dress and would always go back to Cardin. In fact, she does not shop in Paris. For "fun clothes" she would go to Courrèges or Ungaro. Virginia hates op, pop and mini skirts which, she says, look grotesque on anyone over 18. She does wear short skirts – but only to about two inches above the knees – and she never makes her own clothes. She also has definite tastes in colours. A while ago, her wardrobe was made up of pinks and blues, but now she likes brighter greens and reds. Virginia has lovely long, blonde hair, which she is allowing to grow at the moment – because she says if she doesn't grow it now she will be too old for long hair. She likes the short styles, but thinks they are not for her.

Above: In casual mood, Mrs Blond wears navy-blue bell-bottomed jeans from America, with a blue and beige stretch-belt from Jaeger. Her white "vest" top comes from Maxine Leighton.
Left: Black and white silk culottes by Wallis. Her plait is made of Dynel, which is extremely like real hair, and this she bought recently in America. She is photographed in the ballroom that they had converted in the basement for a dance they held.

HOW THE RSPCA PROTECT YOUR PETS

The work of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will be revealed at a fascinating exhibition which opens next week at Gorringes.

It will be particularly interesting to parents with children at home for the holidays. They can see a film titled *Action RSPCA*, an exciting documentary showing all aspects of the Society at home and overseas, including a rescue team on location in the Forest of Dean. On most days of the exhibition there will be guest personalities, and on two days guest speakers.

The story of the RSPCA since its inception in 1824 will be told in text and pictures . . . from the days of the early pioneers to today's force of 240 inspectors with 100 clinics and 70 kennels.

The inspectors roam markets, docksides and riding schools investigating cases of cruelty – 25,000 a year. The clinics and kennels provide first aid for the pets of more than 300,000 needy people every year.

Inspectors will be on hand to answer questions about their work and on Thursday 28 July Mr Neville Whittaker, manager of the RSPCA hostel for animals at London Airport, will talk about exotic animals and birds. And on Monday 1 August Mr Trevor Scott, chief administrator of the RSPCA's international Society, will lecture on animals abroad.

During the period of the exhibition personalities sympathetic to the Society and its work will make guest appearances. On Tuesday 26 July the exhibition will be opened by Mrs. Ruth Harrison, author of *Animal Machines*. The next day ballerina Nadia Nerina will visit in the afternoon; on Thursday, writer and broadcaster Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald; on Friday, actress Dame Sybil Thorndike, and on Saturday, television personality Katie Boyle.

The RSPCA exhibition at Gorringes, Buckingham Palace Road, SW1, runs from 26 July to 2 August.

THE LONDON I LOVE

"Where I come from, there's so little of what's traditional, venerable, and old. This is what gives soul to a place . . . antiquities and history," said the fragile blonde, who so closely resembles everything that is traditionally feminine and finely wrought herself. Continuing this series about visitors with special feelings for London, KARIN HART talks to –

Eva Marie Saint

SHE is in London to do a film for MGM; but in her leisure time, Eva Marie Saint has focused her interest on the aspects of ancient decorative arts that she finds in such wealth all around her.

"I have a fixation on things that are old and exquisite. There's something sacred to me about all the associations – mysterious and unrecallable – that hinge on something old. When you look at some tiny object that someone, sometime took pains to make or felt very sentimental about – it seems to have such depth."

Miss Saint's tastes have always been inclined toward artistry and venerable craftsmanship. In her home in Los Angeles she collects her own antiques. Her special quest in London has been the search for two Windsor chairs to complete the décor in one of her rooms. The Chelsea Antique Market held special fascination for her; she spent a whole weekend antique-shopping with her friends, the Martin Jurows and Ted Ralph, who, apart from being prominent film-industry figures, are all avid antique-fans as well.

Shopping spree

Conducted by her friends, Miss Saint traversed the antique shops of Chelsea and South Kensington, then Notting Hill Gate, the Portobello Road, and Uxbridge Street – a merry shopping spree, she reports, at the end of which she displayed her "loot" with considerable pride.

Among her acquisitions were an early Victorian brass student-lamp with an opaline shade ("The colours in that glass hypnotised me," she says), two Georgian brass-filigree candle-holders, a rustic letter-weighing scale ("*circa* 1840," she added knowledgeably), a wooden scroll-calendar . . . "and an old RAC badge for my son to put on his bicycle."

Then she added enviously, "I fell in love with something Ted saw first . . . a Victorian tri-art picture. If you look at it from the right, it shows three King Charles spaniels. Head on, it's a sailing picture, and from the left, a bowl of flowers. But finders-keepers . . . so it went to him."

Tradition

Eva Marie Saint has been to London only once before. Then, as now, she claims that the "swinging" has not been what has attracted her. "That's not what I'm looking for at all," she explains. "I don't know how it happened, but I was even sent a key to the Bunny Club. Somehow I couldn't get too excited about that. But I *can* get excited about the part of London I adore . . . the traditional styles of architecture, the authenticity of its oldness."

While she wandered about London antique-hunting, Miss Saint was caught by a variety of curios that are an innate part of the London scene: mews cottages are her special delight, and the charms of Pavilion Road's neat-as-a-pin houses held her spellbound.

Small details like the dolphin-adorned lamp posts on the Embankment and tiny cupolas and chimneypieces could transfix her. Most of her London friends have homes "filled with 18th century Georgian pieces, and beautiful Chippendales – I go mad!

"I was brought up in the Eastern part of the United States. We have a certain amount of venerable old beauty and craftsmanship along the eastern seaboard. But in California, everything is new and modern and soulless – especially in Hollywood. That's why London is a real feast for my senses.

"It isn't just going to the antique and curio shops. Everywhere you look, there's some manifestation of all the old beautiful arts – I become quite a glutton for such delights.

"All over Europe I get this same impression. The Old World holds so much that we in America never get a feeling for. An appreciation for antiquities is an ingrained sense for Europeans and Englishmen, but for us it can come as a veritable attack on the senses."

Simplicity

According to Miss Saint's friends, her innate taste is one of elegance and simplicity. Says Ted Ralph, ex-set designer from Canada who has a vast working knowledge of antiques and design: "Eva shows great taste, even amid the overpowering display one finds here, that could sweep many devotees off their feet. She seems most charmed by simplicity, and shows a special liking for late 18th and early 19th century styles – no late Victorian gewgaws!

"It all fits in with the kind of woman she is – classic and fragile, and a person of great charm. There is no pretension

Eva Marie Saint visited the Fashion Department at *London Life* to pick up pointers for her fashion editor role in *Grand Prix*. With her in this picture are (left to right) fashion writers Sarah Drummond, Norma Moriceau, Gill Evans and Margaret Dreyfus.

about her, or about her likings and responses."

On the current London scene, Miss Saint's interest was caught by one event in particular – Wimbledon. She reports that she longed to see the games, being a tennis-player herself.

No tickets

"But it wasn't as simple as that, I must be awfully naïve. I thought we could just buy tickets and go . . . but, of course, it was booked solidly. I was terribly disappointed. Then, in the course of one of our antique hunts, I got my chance. We came to a little shop near Notting Hill Gate, called Adanac Antiques – and the proprietors invited us downstairs to watch the game on television. We had a grand time – it was all there at once. All those marvellous things all around, and good antique-talk from experts, and my Wimbledon right there in front of me. It's one of those little moments you remember forever."

Eva Marie Saint is in London to film scenes for the forthcoming film, *Grand Prix*, in which she plays the part of a fashion magazine editor in love with one of the drivers competing in World Championship races. Filming has taken her from the Riviera to Holland to Belgium to England over the last few weeks.

Much of the filming in England has taken place at Brands Hatch, where sequences recorded the stories of personal tensions on the racing scene of the British Grand Prix. Before she departed on her European tour with MGM, Miss Saint's husband, director Jeffrey Hayden, and her two children, Darrell and Laurette, made her promise not to set foot in a racing car.

Hair-raising

"Not even a parked one," she remarks. "I thought it was silly, but from what I've seen now of the races, I'm not sure I would, even if I *hadn't* promised. It's hair-raising!"

Miss Saint is a star who virtually began with success. With her first screen role in *On the Waterfront*, she won an Academy Award. Other roles have included her major supporting role in *The Sandpiper* and her most recent part in the new comedy, *The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming.*

She is beginning to look forward now to getting back with her family. "All the things that 'are done' in London, like pub-crawling – I'd rather have my husband with me to enjoy them," she says. "I do wish my family could have seen it all – but they are coming to meet me soon. I want to show them everything in London at least, just as I've seen it, and I want my children to learn to appreciate some depth of the history and tradition all over London."

HOW THE PROMS ARE BECOMING A REAL ADVENTURE IN MUSIC

The Henry Wood Promenade Concerts are changing shape. A decade ago they represented what might almost be called a plain man's guide to the popular classics. Today the series is reaching festival proportions. SHEILA FITZJONES reports.

THE first night of the Proms is traditionally an occasion for high jinks and joyful exuberance. This year, first-night promenaders have an added excuse for expressing wild enthusiasm, for when Sir Malcolm Sargent takes his bow before the packed audience at the Albert Hall on 23 July, it will be the 500th time he will have conducted a Prom concert. An occasion which, he says, "is to me much more exciting than having a 70th birthday . . . after all, plenty of conductors can do that!"

Indeed, the 1966 season of Promenade Concerts looks like being a momentous one right from the celebratory start. The first foreign orchestra ever to play at the Proms, the Moscow Radio Orchestra, will give four performances under its permanent conductor, Gennadi Rozhdestvensky. The highlight of their visit will be a first performance in the West of an impressive new work by Shostakovich, *The Execution of Stepan Razin*, with a Russian bass to sing the solo part and the BBC chorus mastering Russian as well as it can. Another landmark in Prom history is that one of the concerts will take place on a Sunday – the first planned Sunday concert since the start of the Proms in 1895.

The operatic and choral element is more ambitious this year than ever before, with highlights like Glyndebourne's *Magic Flute*, Covent Garden's *Parsifal* (Acts II and III) and *The Fall of Troy* by Berlioz. There are also performances planned of Bach's B-minor Mass, Handel's *Solomon*, Delius's *Mass of Life* and Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*. This year, too, there will be more concerts directed by internationally famous conductors than ever before – including Stokowski, Kertesz, Boulez, Solti, Dorati, as well as newcomers like Bernard Haitink, Gary Bertini, Hans Gierster and Gunther Schuller.

The radical changes that the Proms have undergone in recent years are due mainly to the forward thinking of William Glock, music controller of the BBC, who took over the planning of the Prom programmes in 1960 with the challenging promise "to make a critical review of the Proms, to give them a bolder purpose, to aim at the highest possible standards . . . to re-interpret the Proms in the spirit of Sir Henry Wood."

Safe classics

It would have been all too easy for Glock to let the standard pattern of the Proms remain as it had been during the '50s, with programmes which were made up largely of the safe "pop" classics which had proved themselves year after year to be an adequate draw. Tradition was that Friday night was Beethoven night, and "bleeding chunks" of Wagner drew in Wagnerian fans regularly on Mondays. "The Proms must represent all that is most vital in orchestral music from the 18th century to the present day," wrote Glock in his first introduction to the 1960 prospectus, and critics and music-lovers must agree that he has striven through the years to live up to this aim.

The first signs of the wind of adventurous change came gradually – indeed, on the surface the 1960 Proms did not seem to be particularly revolutionary. Beethoven fans could still rely on Friday nights for getting their fill of his beloved symphonies, and there were occasional evenings of Tchaikovsky, Bach, Brahms and so on. However, a glance at the last page of the prospectus showed that changes were afoot – the list of works not previously performed at the Proms included music by such composers as Berg, Gerhard, Searle, Stockhausen, Webern, Charles Ives, Stravinsky and Schoenberg. They also included works of such complex structure as Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* and the Berlioz *Grande Messe des Morts*.

Perhaps the most significant innovations of all were the first concert performance of a whole opera (Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex*), and the nine guest conductors – two new features which have not only come to stay but have been excitingly developed in the succeeding years.

In 1961, the Glyndebourne Festival Opera Company made its Proms début with a highly successful performance of *Don Giovanni*. The number of guest conductors crept up to 17 and nearly 60 important works fresh to the Proms were given a rendering. What helped make things easier too, this year was the disappearance of the nine o'clock news, which before had complicated the planning of the timetable – this meant, for instance, that Beethoven's *Choral Symphony* could be played in its appropriat

The last night of the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts is a traditional evening of flag-waving, community singing and patriotic fervour. Photograph (right) by Iain Macmillan from *The Book of London* to be published by Michael Joseph.

place: as the last item on the programme, instead of always before the interval as in the past.

If William Glock needed reassurance that his efforts to make the Proms a more important musical festival than before were being appreciated by the masses, he got it when the largest audience of any Prom concert that season turned up to hear a programme that included Schoenberg's Violin Concerto.

By 1963 the number of "major occasions" (that is, performances of large-scale works occupying either the whole or the major part of the programmes) at the Proms were an established feature. In this year, too, another "first time" was celebrated when the first foreign conductors were invited to appear. Covent Garden made its first contribution this year with a programme including the complete third act of *Götterdämmerung* for the 150th anniversary of Wagner's birth – since then they have appeared regularly. Typical of the enthusiastic response to new programme ideas was the popular success of Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea.*

Acoustics

Chamber music was introduced to the Proms programme for the first time in 1964 with the Amadeus String Quartet playing Haydn's *Emperor*, and octets by Mendelssohn and Stravinsky played by principals of the BBC Symphony Orchestra. However, further developments in performances of chamber music are unfortunately hampered by the Albert Hall's acoustic deficiencies.

In 1963 William Glock dared break with time-honoured tradition by actually leaving out one of the Beethoven symphonies and by planning for performances of only three symphonies by the other Promenade stalwart – Brahms – thus giving more time for fitting in performances of symphonies by Bruckner, Nielsen and Mahler, which were played for the first time. The 70th anniversary of the first Prom was marked by a complete performance of Verdi's *Otello* by the Covent Garden Company. Ten of the concerts were televised – another landmark to be noted in Prom history.

Nineteen-sixty-six shows that changes involving old Prom traditionals and traditions continue to develop and this year's season looks like being more adventurous than ever before. Says Glock: "The Proms have moved a little further away still from providing a catalogue of orchestral music during the last two centuries and a little nearer to becoming a festival, with all that that implies in freedom of choice and in standards of performance.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE PROMS, 1966

Saturday 23 July: Opening concert of season and Sir Malcolm Sargent's 500th appearance at the Proms.

Monday 25 July: Glyndebourne Festival Opera: *The Magic Flute.*

Wednesday 27 July: Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius* (with Vaughan Williams's *Serenade to Music.*)

Monday 1 August: Covent Garden Opera Company: *Parsifal* (Acts II and III).

Tuesday 2 August: Sir Arthur Bliss's 75th birthday concert (Sir Arthur Bliss and Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting).

Wednesday 3 August: Covent Garden Opera: *Solomon,* by Handel.

Thursday 11 August: Bach's B-minor Mass. English Chamber Orchestra.

Monday 15 August: Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis.* BBC Symphony Orchestra. Conducted by Antal Dorati.

Wednesday 17 August: Moscow Radio Orchestra, conductor Gennadi Rozhdestvensky. First performance in Western Europe of Shostakovich's *The Execution of Stepan Razin.*

Sunday 21 August: First planned Sunday concert in the history of Proms. Moscow Radio Orchestra with works by Glinka, Prokofiev.

Wednesday 24 August: First performance in this country of Charles Ives's *The 4th of July;* plus works by Bach (including Brandenburg Concertos Nos. 1, 3 and 5).

Saturday 17 September: Final concert.

BOOKING ARRANGEMENTS

All tickets for seats and promenade (arena and gallery) for the first and last concerts have been allocated.

- From Monday, 11 July, tickets from Royal Albert Hall, SW7 (KEN 8212), and usual agents. (Stalls 15s, loggia 15s, second tier 11s, balcony 11s and 8s, orchestra – when available – 11s.)
- Season tickets: Promenade (arena or gallery – whole series 125s; first four weeks or last four weeks, 75s).
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Shop and accommodation for sale freehold at £4,500 by Christie & Co. No. 134 St John's Hill, SW11.

86 Elspeth Road, SW11, is now two 4-room flats, one £2,950, the other £3,500. No. 88 is freehold at £5,400.

No. 24, Acanthus Road, SW11, is being sold freehold at £2,800 through Rayners.

Up go values in Battersea

Is Battersea still the classless, unselfconscious kingdom of Cockney expatriates of 50 years ago, or are the Chelsea banalities a stronger force and penetrating even its back streets? Whatever the answer, people are buying houses as quickly as they become vacant. "The demand for the 'Town' house is very acute in Battersea" one local estate agent says. Whereas five years ago they would have been quite happy to "sell to colour" at £3,500, the demand is such that the typical two-up and two-down terraced workman's cottage is now selling from between £4,000 and £5,500 freehold. "It is simply a repeat performance of what happened in Islington and Chelsea," says J J Cooper-Renders (Estate Agents). "The large mansion blocks of flats are being sold on a leasehold basis with newly-created ground rents, but people generally prefer to invest their money in a freehold house."

Battersea is a highly residential Victorian suburb developed with the building of Clapham Junction in 1845 to house the factory workers and railway employees. Before that, the Battersea community busied themselves with market gardening and the cultivation of asparagus. A century later, bombed sites and slum areas have been replaced by council estates.

The rare semi-detached that comes on the market will average £5,000, with the possibility of controlled tenants somewhere in the building. The leasehold flats, as in the case of D Pinto, will have been modernised and are selling at £7,750. To *rent* a flat you'll have to scour the local papers – *The Clapham Observer, The Tooting & Balham Gazette, The Wandsworth Borough News* or *The South Western Star* – as every estate agent I approached had the same negative answer.

Some estate agents with many terraced workmen's cottages for sale are: Rayners (BAT 8686), Burge & Blayney (BAT 7751), H E Rashbrook & Sons (VAN 2211), Redgwell & Harris (BAT 2063), Edwin Evans & Sons (BAT 0051), Moreton Riches (VAN 4166) and J J Cooper-Renders (REL 6111).

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THEATRE

FIRST FIVE: 1 The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie. 2 The Anniversary. 3 The Killing of Sister George. 4 Come Spy With Me. 5 Song at Twilight.

The short life and sudden death of *Strike a Light* raises a number of issues, relevant to the general situation in the theatre today. Peter Bridge, who put on the show and who says he's lost a cool £50,000 on the deal, put the blame for the show's closing fairly and squarely with the critics. Yet the first-night audience thoroughly enjoyed themselves and the second-nighters, though more rational perhaps, still showed every sign of pleasure. Moreover, the show had a long and popular provincial tour; I caught it one evening in Manchester and found a packed and happy audience.

If the musical were just plain awful there would be no cause for a post-mortem. Usually in the West End it is only those plays that are heavily booed on the first night that come off instantly. Now it seems, contrary to what I have always felt, that the critics really do have the power to make or break a show. *Strike a Light* had more to recommend it, offered more to enjoy than at least two other musicals enjoying a healthy season at the moment, and was really as unlike *The Matchgirls* as Offenbach's *Orpheus* is unlike Gluck's.

Jimmy Edwards is playing polo every day to get in trim for a new farce, "Big Bad Mouse," opening in August.

Obviously a musical with several scene changes, a chorus and an orchestra is more expensive to sustain than a play and, inevitably managements rely heavily on support from ticket agencies. After the notices of *Strike a Light* appeared, there were no takers. It is a little frightening to think that the livelihood of a large number of people rests on the quick 300 words of a few men, and more so that the public at large relies on the same people to tell them what to see or not to see. The critical function is an important one (not least in guarding standards) but it is a responsibility increasingly abused, both through excessive praise as well as slashing blame.

There is also the revealed gulf between the taste of the provinces and the taste of the capital (reflected presumably by the critical spokesmen.) Provincial theatre is dying – perhaps one should qualify and say the *commercial* theatre in the provinces is dying. But it clearly is a hit and miss affair when the shows come to London, and it seems the day will come when, not only are the provinces a theatrical desert, but even London rejects the theatre of entertainment.

roger baker

WEST END

openings

Th 21 July: **UBU ROI.** English Stage Company, Royal Court, Sloane Square, SW1 (SLO 1745). Author: Alfred Jarry. Translator, adaptor and director: Iain Cuthbertson. Designer: David Hockney. Lighting: Robert Ornbo. Music: Frank Spedding. Cast: Max Wall, John Shepherd, Tim Carlton. 7.0. Cont: 7.30. Sat Mat: 3.0

W 27 July: **WAIT UNTIL DARK.** The Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 4143). Author: Frederick Knott. Dir: Anthony Sharp. Cast: Honor Blackman, Peter Sallis, Brian Murray, Brian Phelan, Michael Griffiths, Sarah Lond. 7.30

current

ALIBI FOR A JUDGE, Savoy, Strand, WC2 (TEM 8888). Authors: Felicity Douglas, Henry Cecil. Dir: Hugh Goldie. Stars: Andrew Cruickshank, Colin Gordon, Elvi Hale. High Court judge gets involved with the pretty wife of a man he has sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.30 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 4 August 1965

THE ANNIVERSARY, Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 5122). Author: Bill MacIlwraith. Dir: Patrick Dromgoole. Evil mother and terrified family. Comedy. Cast: Michael Crawford, Sheila Hancock, Jack Hedley, June Ritchie, Mona Washbourne. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.45); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 20 Apr 1966

ARSENIC & OLD LACE, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Author: Joseph Kesselring. Dir: Murray Macdonald. Affectionate revival of a classic black comedy. Cast: Sybil Thorndike, Athene Seyler, Richard Briers, Desmond Walter-Ellis. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.45 (ends 5.5). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 23 Feb 1966

Satirist: Peter Honri in "Beyond the Fringe 1965."

BEYOND THE FRINGE 1965, May Fair, May Fair Hotel, Stratton Street, W1 (MAY 3036). Authors: Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, Dudley Moore. Dir: David Phethean. Stars: John Dryden, Bill Hepper, Peter Honri, Peter Baldwin. The material has almost an historical interest now. 8.40 (ends 10.50). Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 15 Apr 1964

BLACK & WHITE MINSTREL SHOW, Victoria Palace, Victoria Street, SW1 (VIC 1317). Dir: George Inns. Stars: George Mitchell Minstrels with Don Arrol, Neville King, Dai Francis, John Boulter, Tony Mercer. Is colour TV like this? 6.15 (ends 8.20); 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 15 May 1962

BOEING-BOEING, Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (TEM 8243). Author: Marc Camoletti (translated by Beverley Cross). Dir: Jack Minster. Stars: Nicholas Parsons, Simon Merrick. Three girls, two boys, seven doors . . . permutations endless and monotonous. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W: 2.45 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.20). Opened 20 Feb 1962

Jane Fyffe plays Elizabeth in "Robert and Elizabeth."

BREAD AND BUTTER, Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre, Holborn, WC1 (CHA 7040). Author: Cecil P. Taylor. Dir: Michael Geliot. Glasgow-Jewish couples over 30 years. Cast: Eveline Garrett, Bernard Goldman, Patricia Leventon, David Graham. 7.45. Opened 30 June 1966. Ends 23 July

CHARLIE GIRL, Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (TEM 7611). Book by Hugh and Margaret Williams. Music and lyrics by David Heneker and John Taylor. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Cast: Anna Neagle, Joe Brown, Hy Hazell. The stately homes racket receives gentle satire with romantic interest, songs and dancing. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 Dec 1965

COME INTO THE GARDEN MAUD and **SHADOWS OF THE EVENING,** Queen's, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author: Noël Coward. Dir: Vivian Matalon. Contrasting double bill. Cast: Noël Coward, Lilli Palmer, Irene Worth. T, F & Sat: 8.0 (ends 10.30). Th: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 25 Apr 1966. Ends 30 July

COME SPY WITH ME, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, SW1 (WHI 6692). Music and Lyrics: Brian Blackburn. Dir: Ned Sherrin. A bit of coach-party camp. Stars: Danny La Rue, Barbara Windsor, Biff McGuire, Richard Wattis. 8.0 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 31 May 1966

AN EVENING WITH SHIRLEY BASSEY, Prince of Wales, Coventry Street, W1 (WHI 8681). One-woman show. 8.0. Sat: 6.0, 8.30. Ends 30 July

A FRIEND INDEED, Cambridge Theatre, Earlham Street, WC2 (TEM 6056). Author: William Douglas-Home. Dir: Jack Minster. Weak comedy with a diplomatic theme. Cast: David Tomlinson, David Hutcheson. 8.0 (ends 10.10). Th Mat: 2.45 (ends 5.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10); 8.30 (ends 10.40). Opened 27 Apr 1966

HELLO DOLLY! Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (TEM 8106). Adapted by Michael Stuart from Thornton Wilder's play *The Matchmaker.* Music: Jerry Herman. Dir and choreographer: Gower Champion. Now a cosy family show. Cast: Dora Bryan, Bernard Spear. 7.30 (ends 10.0). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 2 Dec 1966

AN IDEAL HUSBAND, Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 4143). Author: Oscar Wilde. Dir: James Roose Evans. *Fin de siècle* morality among the Wildest epigrams. Cast: Margaret Lockwood, Richard Todd, Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray, Ursula Jeans, Roger Livesey, Perlita Nelson. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Opened 16 Dec 1965. Ends 23 July

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, St Martin's, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1443). Author: Frank Marcus. Dir: Val May. Stars: Hermione Baddeley, Andrée Melly, Ambrosine Philpotts. Lesbian radio actress loses her part and her lover. 8.0 (ends 10.25). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.50); 8.30 (ends 11.0). T: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Opened 17 June 1965

THE KING'S MARE, Garrick, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 4601). Author: Jean Cano e. Adapted by: Anita Loos. D : Peter Coe. Henerey the Eighth and Annie of Cleves. Cast: Glyn is Johns, Keith Michell, Sid y Tafler, Michael Gwynn, J e Merrow. 8.0, W & Sat: 3.0, 8.0

LET'S GET A DIVORCE, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, 24 (Cit 7656). Authors: Sardou nd Najac. English version. An la and Robert Goldsby. Dir: Rob rt Midgley. Cast: Fenella Fielding, Hugh Paddick, Barry Fos er. Classic farce. 7.45. W-Sat: 0. 8.45. Ends 23 July. Transfers to Comedy Theatre 26 July

LONDON LAUGHS, London Palladium, Argyll Street, W1 (GER 7373). Choreographer: Dou as Squires. Dir: Robert Ne t. Undemanding variety show. C : Harry Secombe, Jimmy Tarb s. 6.15 (ends 8.30); 8.45 (ends 1 .). Sat Mat: 2.40 (ends 4.55). Ope ed 6 May 1966

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, New Shakespeare Company, Open-air Theatre, Rege t's Park, NW1 (HUN 1813). Auth r: Shakespeare. Dir: Michael Me cham. Theoretically ideal set g. Cast: Russell Hunter, Caro ne Blakiston, Louise Breslin, Ed ar Wreford, John Turner, Ber rd Hopkins, John Warner. 7.45 (e ds 10.30). W, Th & Sat Mats: 30 (ends 5.15). Opened 6 June 196

Author plays an author: Noel Coward in "Song at Twilight."

THE MOUSETRAP, Ambassadors, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (Tem 1171). Author: Agatha Christie. After 14 years still a mystery. Dir: D Ramsden. Cast: John Cobner, Diana Scougall. 8.0 (ends 10.30). T: 2.45 (ends 5.10). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.0 (ends 10.30). Opened 25 Nov 1952

OLIVER! New Theatre, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 3878). Composer: Lionel Bart. Dir: Peter Coe. Stars: Aubrey Woods, Nicolette Roeg, Peter Bartlett. Dickens' London brought to musical life. 7.45 (ends 10.15). T & Sat: 4.30 (ends 6.50). Opened 30 June 1960

ON THE LEVEL, Saville, Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2 (TEM 4011). Author: Ronald Millar. Music by Ron Grainger. Dir: Wendy Toye. GCE gets groovy. Cast: Barrie Ingham, Angela Richards, Gary Bond. 7.45 (ends 10.20). Wed Mat: 2.45 (ends 5.20). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.5); 8.30 (ends 11.5). Opened 19 Apr 1966

Jan Carey: the daughter in "Spring and Port Wine."

OUT FROM UNDER, ORANGE SOUFFLE & THE WEN, Fortune, Russell Street, WC2 (TEM 2238). Three One-Act Plays. Author: Saul Bellow. Dir: Charles Marowitz. Variants on the male/female tune. Cast: Miriam Karlin, Harry Towb. 8.15 (ends 10.20). Th & Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.35); 8.15 (ends 10.20). Opened 28 June 1966

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT, Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (WHI 3216). Author: Bill Manhoff. Dir: Shirley Butler. Pretty girl versus intellectual man. Cast: Diana Sands, Anton Rodgers. 8.15 (ends 10.35). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Wed: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Opened 2 Mar 1966

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE, Wyndham's Theatre, Charing Cross Road (TEM 3028). Adapted by Joy Presson Allen from the novel by Muriel Spark. Dir: Peter Wood. Schoolmistress of decided idiosyncrasy. Excellent value. Cast: Vanessa Redgrave, Andrew Crawford, William Squire, Dorothy Reynolds. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W Mat: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Sat: 5.45 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 5 May 1966

ROBERT & ELIZABETH, Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 3686). Composer: Ron Grainger. Book: Ronald Millar. Dir: Wendy Toye. Stars: Donald Wolfit, Jane Fyffe, Kevin Colson. The Barretts of Wimpole Street get the song and dance treatment. 7.30 (ends 10.25). Th & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25). Opened 20 Oct 1964

SAY WHO YOU ARE, Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 6606). Authors: Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall. Dir: Shirley Butler. Stars: Ian Carmichael, Patrick Cargill, Dilys Laye, Jan Holden. Sophisticated farce. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.25). F & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10); 8.45 (ends 10.55). Opened 14 Oct 1965

SONG AT TWILIGHT, Queen's, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author: Noël Coward. Dir: Vivian Matalon. Skeletons rattle in elderly author's cupboard. Cast: Noël Coward, Lilli Palmer, Irene Worth. M, W & Th: 8.0 (ends 10.30). Sat Mat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 14 Apr 1966 Ends 30 July

THE SOUND OF MUSIC, Palace, Cambridge Circus, W1 (GER 6834). Composers: Rodgers and Hammerstein. Book: Lindsay and Crouse. Dir: Jerome Whyte. Cast: Sonia Rees, Eunice Gayson, Donald Scott. Nazi invasion in the background; sweetness to the fore. 7.30 (ends 10.25). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 18 May 1961

SPRING & PORT WINE, Apollo, Shaftesbury Avenue (GER 2663). Author: Bill Naughton. Dir: Allan Davis. Cast: Alfred Marks, Ruth Dunning. A heavy Lancastrian father has a rebellious family on his hands. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.40 (ends 10.55). Opened 19 Nov 1965

THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP, Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Author: Terence Frisby. Dir: Robert Chetwyn. Cookery journalist meets kooky girl. Cast: Donald Sinden, Barbara Ferris, Jon Pertwee. 8.15 (ends 10.30). Fri & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15), 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 June 1966

THE WAITING GAME, Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, WC2 (TEM 3334). Author: Leonard Samson. Dir: Hugh Goldie. Rich uncle, ingratiating nephew, an inheritance . . . adds up to traditional farce. Cast: George Cole, Clarkson Rose, Penny Morrell, Carole Mowlam, Ivor Danvers, James Ottaway. 8.0. Sat: 5.30, 8.30. Opened 7 July 1966

Farceur: George Cole stars in "The Waiting Game."

YOU NEVER CAN TELL, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 9832). Author: G B Shaw. The new woman and old-fashioned values. Dir: Glen Byam Shaw. Cast: Sir Ralph Richardson, Jack Gwillim, Avice Landon, Keith Baxter. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.45); 8.15 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 12 Jan 1966. Ends 17 September

REPERTORY

ENGLISH STAGE COMPANY, Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, SW1 (SLO 1745). From Fri 22 July: UBU ROI. Author: Alfred Jamy. Translated, adapted and directed: Iain Cuthbertson. Music: Frank Spedding. Cast: Max Wall, John Shepherd, Tim Carlton. 7.30. Sat Mat: 3.0

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY, Aldwych Theatre, The Strand, WC2 (TEM 6404). Th 21, F 22 and Sat 23 July: TANGO. Author: Slawomir Mrozek. Dir: Trevor Nunn. Cast: Dudley Sutton, Pauline Jameson, Peter Jeffrey, Mike Pratt, Patience Collier, Robert Eddison. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Sat: 2.30 (ends 4.45)
Sat 23 July: DAYS IN THE TREES. Author: Marguerite Duras. Dir: John Schlesinger. Cast: Peggy Ashcroft, George Baker, Frances Cuka. 8.0 (ends 10.5)

CLUBS

HAMPSTEAD, 98 Avenue Road, NW3 (PRI 9301). RED NOSES FOR ME. 8.0. Sat: 8.15

LITTLE ANGEL, 14 Dagmar Passage, Cross Street, N1 (CAN 1787). RAPUNZEL. Daily from Sat 23 July: 3.0. Sat: 3.0 & 5.0

PLAYERS, Villiers Street, The Strand, WC2 (TRA 1134). LATE JOYS. M & T: 8.0. W-Sat: 9.0

VANBRUGH, Malet Street, WC1 (LAN 7982). A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE. Th 21-Sat 23 July: 2.30 & 7.30

PERIMETER

GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME, NW11 (SPE 0022). WAIT UNTIL DARK, with Honor Blackman, Peter Sallis, Brian Phelan. Th 21-Sat 23 July: 8.0. Th & Sat Mats: 2.30

NEW THEATRE, Bromley, Kent (RAV 6677). TONIGHT AT 8.30 by Noël Coward. 7.45. Th Mat: 2.30 Sat: 5.15 & 8.0

PALACE THEATRE, Clarendon Road, Watford, Herts (WA 25671). CONVERSATION AT NIGHT and HIGH INFIDELITY. 7.45. Sat Mat: 4.45

RICHMOND THEATRE, The Green, Richmond, Surrey (RIC 0088). COME ON JEEVES. Th 21 & F 22 July: 7.45. Sat 23 July: 5.30, 8.15. MURDER BY ALL MEANS M 25-W 27 July: 7.45

WIMBLEDON, SW19 (WIM 5211). SAINT JOAN, with George Coulouris, Gemma Jones. Th 21-Sat 23 July: 7.30. Th & Sat Mats: 2.30

OUT OF TOWN

CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATRE, Sussex (OCH3 86333). Th 21, F 22, Sat 23, T 26 July: THE CHERRY ORCHARD. Author: Anton Chekov. Dir: Lindsay Anderson. Cast: Celia Johnson, Sarah Badel, Hugh Williams, Tom Courtenay. 7.0. Th & Sat: 2.0
Th 21 & Sat 23 July: THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE. Authors: George Colman, David Garrick. Dir: Desmond O'Donovan. Cast: Margaret Rutherford, Alastair Sim, Bill Fraser, Ann Beach, Sarah Badel, John Standing. 7.0

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE THEATRE, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire (OST9 2271). Th 21, Sat 23 & M 25 July: HAMLET. Author: Shakespeare. Dir: Peter Hall. Cast: David Warner, Elizabeth Spriggs, Brewster Mason, Estelle Kohler. 7.30. Th: 2.0
Th 21, Sat 23 & W 27 July: HENRY IV PART I. Author: Shakespeare. Dir: John Barton with Trevor Nunn, Clifford Williams. Th: 7.30. Sat & Wed: 2.0
F 22 & T 26 July: TWELFTH NIGHT. Author: Shakespeare. Dir: Clifford Williams. Cast: Diana Rigg, Estelle Kohler, Patsy Byrne, Ian Holm, David Warner. 7.30

YVONNE ARNAUD THEATRE, Millbrook, Guildford, Surrey (OGU3 60191). Until Sat 23 July: THE FLIP SIDE. Authors: Hugh and Margaret Williams. Dir: Jack Minster. Cast: Edward de Souza, Jane Downs, Joanna Dunham, Bernard Horsfall. 7.45. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0. 8.0

BALLET

It's not every day you see two members of the *corps de ballet* dance the principal roles in *Swan Lake*, although the touring section of the Royal Ballet, still at Covent Garden, have displayed their prodigies to the provinces on several occasions. Never mind, because, on 7 July, London was so treated.

Nineteen-year-old Jane Landon is tall, stately and serene – and she dances like a dream. Her Odette is a feeling rather than a character, a moment rather than a memory. That she fails to build up the role to a reasonable dramatic intensity is more than justified by her fabulous technique. True, technique is not all. But technique plus artistry plus that "something extra" . . . well, that's different.

Her line is breathtakingly beautiful – as you would expect from a tall dancer – and her movements are seemingly sculptured out of air, and amazingly sharp, precise, even staccato, for someone of her physique. Her Odile is less successful, emotionally, perhaps partly because of a rather unexpressive face; hers is almost "abstract": even Balanchinian. Yet throughout the ballet her fluid, lyrical qualities and her sweeping gestures dominate the scene – and, indeed, wherever Petipa has demanded fireworks and Ivanov asked for poetry, Miss Landon graciously and very stunningly obliged.

Simplicity

Piers Beaumont is a Prince of the same *genre* as David Wall. Like Wall, Beaumont is notable for his terrific *elevation* and simplicity of movement, and like Wall he catapaults himself into his Act III variation like a shooting star. His bearing is noble, his manner unassuming, his personality engaging. His, indeed, is a princely Prince.

Both Landon and Beaumont share many qualities: they are tall (she is 5ft. 8 in., 6 ft. on *pointe*), and he an inch or two more; they have a wonderful feeling – and the technique to go with it – for the classical style, and they do not force their personalities on the audience. Of course, they are both very young and, despite the roles they are now dancing, still relatively inexperienced. But this only makes the prospect of what lies in store all that more exciting.

The Two Swans were sympathetically danced by Yvonne Saunders and Sheron Koshley, and Hilary Debden provided a delightful cameo with her Peasant Girl in Act I. In the same act, Hilary Cartwright, Yvonne Saunders and Patricia Ruanne (and their partners) gave a sparkling account of the *pas de six*.

ian woodward

FILMS

FIRST FIVE: 1 Exterminating Angel. 2 Cul-de-Sac. 3 Ivan the Terrible. 4 Becket. 5 Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?

Watching *A Fine Madness* (A, Warner, Leicester Square, from 21 July) is just as if Frank Capra were trotting amiably round a corner, and suddenly came face to face with Dr Mabuse. For four scenes out of every five, this is a brittle, funny story about a wildly aggressive Greenwich village poet (Sean Connery, breaking completely away from Bondery) whose amours keep sidetracking his efforts to overcome his basic laziness and write. The detectives who pursue him frantically in their efforts to serve him a subpoena are figures straight out of Mack Sennett. Or are they? Watch the scene where they finally catch up with him, bring him to earth amid a mass of curses, flailing arms and legs. Funny so far. But wait. The camera sneaks up on the struggling figures like a snake, until we see one of the detectives, almost, as it seems, in slow motion, take a savage kick at the helpless Connery. All the way through, *A Fine Madness* inverts the principle of the iceberg. Its shady, sinister side – which I would willingly have forgone

Jeanne Moreau stars in the Francois Truffaut thriller "Bride in Mourning."

in favour of the general lunatic, sunnier mood – only shows itself now and again.

Connery's psychiatrist (Patrick O'Neal), previously droll and cuttingly amusing, takes an altogether Strangelovian turn, when, after catching Connery in the steam-bath with his wife (Jean Seberg), he gives the okay for the poet to undergo a macabre brain operation. And, even though it's performed by a surgeon who's goonishly portrayed by the brilliant Clive Revill, it sends a *frisson* of the unknown up one's back, and indoctrinates one into thinking the film something of a cheat when Connery survives the operation as his rumbustious self, unaltered. It's a pity, for the film's overall warm superficiality and witty script are easy to enjoy.

● *Daleks, Invasion Earth – AD 2150* (U, Studio One, Oxford Circus, from 22 July) is as jolly, noisy and fast-moving a way to exterminate 84 minutes as any holidaying child could wish to find in London. Gordon Flemyng directs with great panache, and an intelligent use of the tracking camera. The mine setting is strangely sinister, and the Daleks really are endowed with an effective aura of menace. One feels like booing earth's underground leader when he says: "We're not giving in to these motorised dustbins." What a cheek!

david quinlan

OPENING

DALEKS – INVASION EARTH 2150 AD (U). Dr Who has only a few rels (Dalek unit of time) left to prevent the extermination of the earth. Daleks to the left of him, Daleks to the right of him. Lots of pace and noise make this a must for indoctrinated children. (Peter Cushing, Bernard Cribbins, Ray Brooks. Dir: Gordon Flemyng. Col. 84 min.) *Studio One, Oxford Street.* GER 3300. Opens 22 July

A FINE MADNESS (A). Sean Connery, far away from Bond territory, as a rebellious Greenwich Village poet, in a bright, brittle comedy with some unhappily macabre moments. Joanne Woodward is in excellent form as his long-suffering wife, but Jean Seberg fails to register. (Patrick O'Neal, Clive Revill, Sue Ane Langdon. Dir: Irvin Kerschner. Col. 104 min.) *Warner, Leicester Square.* GER 3423. Opens 21 July

IVAN THE TERRIBLE: Part I (A) and **Part II** (U). Sergei Eisenstein's mammoth labour of love (made between 1942 and 1946) concerning the 40-year-reign of the notorious Russian tsar in the 16th century. Strongly atmospheric but varying in impact. (Nicholai Cherkosov. Russian dialogue, English subtitles. Part I: B & W, Part II: partly Col. 188 min.) *Academy One, Oxford Street.* GER 2981. Opens 21 July

WALK, DON'T RUN (U). Cary Grant's timing has never been better than in this comedy about an English businessman who brings a young girl student and an Olympic walker together by devious means. Not a great film, perhaps, but one that's continually enjoyable. (Samantha Eggar, Jim Hutton. Dir: Charles Walters. Col. 113 min.) *Columbia, Shaftesbury Avenue.* REG 5414. Opens 21 July

WEST END

BATTLE OF THE BULGE (A). Modern warfare effectively shown as the stuff of Cinerama. (Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw, Pier Angeli. Col. 163 min.) *Coliseum, St Martin's Lane.* TEM 3161. 2.30, 8.0. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.45, 11.45. Sun: 4.0, 7.30

BECKET (A). Peter Glenville's extremely successful costume spectacle of the play about Thomas A'Becket by Anouilh, with Richard Burton as Becket, and Peter O'Toole as a showy, near hysterical Henry II. (Martita Hunt, Sian Phillips. Col. 149 min.) *Metropole, Victoria.* VIC 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

THE BLUE MAX (A). A flying story of the 1914-18 War, filmed in colour on location in Ireland. George Peppard plays an unscrupulous young German flier, prepared to do anything to gain the Blue Max, the most coveted medal the Kaiser's air force can gain. A certain winner with aviation fanatics. (James Mason, Ursula Andress. Col. 155 min.) *Odeon, Leicester Square.* WHI 6111. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.0, 8.0

A CHILD IS WAITING (X). A difficult subject, mentally defective children, gets well-meaning treatment, at times achieving genuine pathos in its depiction of the spontaneous life of the institution in which the children live. Made in 1962. (Judy Garland, Burt Lancaster. 110 min.) *London Pavilion, Piccadilly Circus.* GER 2982. 10.30, 1.0, 3.55, 6.15, 8.55. Sun: 3.35, 6.15, 8.55

CUL-DE-SAC (X). Roman Polanski turns a deft hand to black comedy. Donald Pleasence plays a pathetic middle-aged man and Françoise Dorleac his bored and flighty young wife. Holy Island provides magnificent location shots. (Lionel Stander. 111 min.) *Cameo-Poly, Upper Regent Street.* LAN 1744. Pgm: 1.0, 3.25, 5.50, 8.15. Sun: 3.30, 5.55, 8.20

DARLING . . . (X). The director, John Schlesinger, attempts to lay bare the decadence of contemporary life, and succeeds only in misplaced, rather aimless bitterness. (Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey. 127 min.) *Windmill, Great Windmill Street.* GER 7413. 1.0, 3.33, 6.8, 8.45. Sat: Late Show 11.0. Sun: 4.0, 6.33, 9.8

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (A). The long-awaited production of Boris Pasternak's novel, directed by David Lean, with screenplay by Robert Bolt. With Omar Sharif as Yuri Zhivago and Julie Christie unforgettable as Lara. Good entertainment. (Geraldine Chaplin, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness. Col. 193 min.) *Empire, Leicester Square.* GER 1234. 2.30, 7.30. Sat only: 11.30 pm. Sun: 3.0, 7.30

EXTERMINATING ANGEL (X). Luis Buñuel's masterly and disquietening film, about a group of rich and elegant people, who gather for a dinner party and find that they are unable to leave, for no rational reason, when it ends. (Silvia Pinal, Augusto Benedico. 90 min.) *Academy Two, Oxford Street.* GER 5129. With: *The Crime of M Lange* (A). 1.55, 5.0, 8.10. Sun: 4.30, 7.40

KHARTOUM (U). Colossal battle scenes and an all-star cast, have been added to strict historical accuracy. Charlton Heston plays General Gordon and Laurence Olivier is the Mahdi. (Ralph Richardson, Richard Johnson. Col. Cinerama. 130 min.) *Casino, Old Compton Street, W1.* GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40, 11.45. Sun: 4.30, 7.50

MEDITERRANEAN HOLIDAY (U). German Cinerama semi-documentary, about a party of seacadets who sail aboard a Swedish three-master, to Portugal, Egypt and Yugoslavia. A long voyage. Narrator: Burl Ives. (Col. Cinerama. 115 min.) *Royalty, Kingsway,* WC2. HOL 8004. 2.30, 8.0. Sat: 2.30, 5.45, 8.40. Sun: 5.0, 8.0

MODESTY BLAISE (A). Joseph Losey's first excursion into strip cartoon cinema, elegantly mounted and directed with great flair. Monica Vitti is a surprisingly animated Modesty and Dirk Bogarde superb as the arch-villain. (Terence Stamp. Col. 120 min.) *Rialto, Coventry Street.* GER 3488. 1.15, 3.40, 6.10, 8.40. Sate late show: 11.55. Sun: 3.25, 5.55, 8.25

MORGAN – A SUITABLE CASE FOR TREATMENT (A). Morgan Delt (David Warner), a gentle dreamer, a failed artist, has a strange affinity with gorillas, and escapes from reality with fantasies of Tarzan and King Kong. (Vanessa Redgrave, Irene Handl. 97 min.) *Berkeley, Tottenham Court Road.* MUS 8150. 2.35, 5.45, 8.45. Sun: 5.45, 8.45. With: *Tokyo Olympiad* (U). (Check with cinema)

ONE OF OUR SPIES IS MISSING (U). The fourth UNCLE film is yet another two-part TV serial converted to the screen for British audiences. More serious than its predecessors in places, but just as dull, with a very stolid lot of villains. (Robert Vaughn, David McCallum, Vera Miles, Maurice Evans, Yvonne Craig. Col. 91 min.) *Ritz, Leicester Square.* GER 1234 and *Jacey, Marble Arch.* MAY 6396.

OTHELLO (U). Faithful record of the National Theatre production with Laurence Olivier giving a performance that salutes greatness as the Moor. (Maggie Smith, Frank Finlay. Col. 170 min.) *Odeon, Haymarket.* WHI 2738. 2.30, 7.30. Sat 12.30, 4.5, 7.45. Sun: 4.30, 6.0

PARADISE – HAWAIIAN STYLE (U). Elvis Presley once more finds himself in Hawaii, in a flimsy story about the mishaps of a charter pilot. Cues for songs abound. (Susanna Leigh. Col. 91 min.) *Plaza, Piccadilly Circus.* WHI 894 . 2.6, 4.18, 6.31, 8.51. Sun: 3.36, 5.5 . 8.21. Ends 27 July

THE RARE BREED (U). A genial western, centring round Vindictor, a hornless Hereford, wh arrived in America at the turn the century to be used for breeding purposes. James Stewart, a grizzled ranch hand, and Bri Keith, an eccentric, beef-buyin Scot, provide some comedy reli to a sentimental evening. (Mau een O'Hara. Col. 97 min.) *Leicest Square Theatre.* WHI 5252. 1. 4.14, 6.39, 9.5. Sun: 4.14, 6.39, 9 (Ends 27 July)

THE SOUND OF MUSIC (U Hosts of singing nuns and ch dren. Christopher Plummer is somewhat authoritarian father the brood; Julie Andrews anotl wholesome governess. (Peg Wood, Eleanor Parker. Col. Tod AO. 170 min.) *Dominion, Totte ham Court Road,* W1. MUS 21 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (A revival of Cecil B. de Mil lavish pseudo-marathon, w much reverence, but little histo cal sense. Charlton Heston a Yvonne de Carlo are good, a Vincent Price and Edward Robinson do excellent charac work. Extras by the thousa (Yul Brynner. Col. 219 m *Astoria, Charing Cross Road.* G 5385. 2.0, 7.0. Sun: 6.0

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN THEIR FLYING MACHINES (A slender pretext for collect together a whole host of int national stars for an air race b tween London and Paris. Th are some good shots of early ae planes, but little or no feeling comic effect. (Terry-Thomas, Sa Miles, Robert Morley, Gert Fro Stuart Whitman, James Fox, E Sykes. Col. 130 min.) *Carlton, H market.* WHI 3711. 2.40, 5.30, 8. Sat: 12.10, 2.50, 5.30, 8.15, 11. Sun: 2.40, 5.28, 8.15

A TRAP FOR CINDERELLA (X A rather plodding French Itali thriller, directed by And Cayatte, about a girl who escap from a fire in which her cousin killed, inherits a fortune, but b comes a victim of amnesia an comes to believe that she is reall her cousin. (Madeleine Robinson Dany Carrel. 110 min.) *La Continentale, Tottenham Court Road.* MUS 4193.

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? (X). Directed rather self-consciously by Mike Nichols. It centres round a middle-aged couple and their violent, utterly destructive quarrels, in which they ruthlessly tear at each other's weaknesses. The couple are well played by Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (George Segal, Sandy Dennis. 132 min.) *Curzon, Curzon Street.* GRO 3737. 12.50, 3.20, 5.55, 8.25. Fri & Sat: Late Show 11.0. Sun: 3.0, 5.30, 8.10

GENERAL RELEASE

* Sunday programme differs

DISTRICT DIRECTORY

(A jump in seguence indicates a late programme change)

Baker Street Classic. 21, 29, 39.
Barnet Essoldo. 2.
Belmont Essoldo. 8, 58.
Brixton Classic. 3, 57.
Brixton Granada. 59.
***Camberwell Grand.** 19, 46.
Charing Cross Road Jacey. 28.
Chelsea Classic. 24, 44.
Chelsea Essoldo. 8, 53.
Croydon Classic. 56.
Dalston Classic. 6, 37.
Ealing Walpole. 58.
Edgware Road ABC. 62.
Finchley Rex. 53.
Fulham Road ABC. 62.
Golders Green Ionic. 26.
Hackney Essoldo. 7, 41.
Hammersmith Broadway. 5.
Hampstead Everyman. 16, 38.
***Harringay Curzon.** 40, 43.
Harrow Road Prince of Wales. 55.
Hendon Gala. 32, 33.
Highams Park Regal. 8, 10.
***Islington Rex.** 11, 42.
Kilburn Classic. 34.
Notting Hill Classic. 35, 37, 48.
Notting Hill Gaumont. 17.
***Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse.** 15.
Oxford Street Cinephone. 25.
Piccadilly Classic. 30.
Piccadilly Jacey. 22.
Praed Street Classic. 9.
Putney Globe. 12, 51.
Queenbury Essoldo. 53.
***Raynes Park Rialto.** 20, 60.
Richmond Gaumont. 54.
***Southfields Plaza.** 1, 18.
***Stepney Essoldo.** 8, 61.
Stockwell Classic. 37.
Stoke Newington Coliseum. 4, 43.
Tooting Astoria. 54.
Tooting Classic. 50, 52.
Tottenham Palace. 36.
***Victoria Biograph.** 31, 45.
Victoria Cameo. 17, 47.
Waterloo Station Classic. 13, 49.
Watford Essoldo. 2.
Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. 23.

RANK RELEASE NORTH

From Fri: LT. ROBIN CRUSOE, U.S.N. (U). Dick Van Dyke performs wonders of contortion trying to raise laughs as a modern Crusoe marooned on a desert island. Akim Tamiroff plays a head-hunting chief, and Nancy Kwan – *above* – his lovely, spear-wielding daughter. There is little that is genuinely amusing in this long-drawn-out piece. (Dir: Byron Paul. Col. 114 min). With: **Run, Appaloosa, Run** (U). Ends Th 28 July.

RANK RELEASE SOUTH

From Fri: DUEL AT DIABLO (A). A Western with a vein of brutality in a familiar theme: the conflict between white man and Indian. James Garner plays a squaw-man and Sidney Poitier – *above* – a horse-breaker. Neal Hefti's unusual background score is highly effective. A must for Western addicts. (Bibi Andersson, Bill Travers. Dir: Ralph Nelson. Col. 104 min). With: **Boy, Did I Get A Wrong Number!** (U). Ends Th 28 July.

ABC RELEASE NORTH

From Fri: THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE BROTHERS GRIMM (U). Simplified biography of the Grimms, with Karl Boehm as the studious Jacob, and Laurence Harvey as the romantic Wilhelm. Fantasy is better than fact, and best of all is a fracas between Terry-Thomas and a splendid dragon. (Claire Bloom, Barbara Eden – *above*. Dir: Henry Levin. Col. 118 min). With: **Laurel and Hardy's Laughing '20s** (U). Ends Th 28 July.

ABC RELEASE SOUTH

From Fri: THE GLASS BOTTOM BOAT (U). Doris Day, this time as a widow, in a frenzied comedy about a space laboratory. Director Frank Tashlin tries hard to be funny and quite often carries it off: transvestite jokes, ingenious gadgetry, hectic chases and all. (Rod Taylor is rather solid as the engineering wizard. Dom de Luise – *above* – John McGiver. Col. 110 min). With: **The Alphabet Murders** (U). Ends Th 28 July.

ADVENTURE

1 **Around the World Under the Sea** (U). Lloyd Bridges. Mon, six days: Southfields Plaza

2 **The Black Tulip** (U). Alain Delon, Virna Lisi. Fri, seven days: Barnet Essoldo, Watford Essoldo

3 **Hatari!** (U). John Wayne. Mon, four days: Brixton Classic

4 **Hercules Unchained** (U). Steve Reeves. Sun, seven days: Stoke Newington Coliseum

5 **Samson in King Solomon's Mines** (U). Reg Park. Fri, seven days: Hammersmith Broadway

6 **The 7th Dawn** (A). William Holden, Susannah York. Fri, three days: Dalston Classic

7 **Taras Bulba** (U). Yul Brynner, Tony Curtis. Until Sat: Hackney Essoldo. Mon, four days: Stockwell Classic

COMEDIES

8 **Alfie** (X). Michael Caine. Until Sat: Stepney Essoldo, Belmont Essoldo. Sun, seven days: Chelsea Essoldo, Highams Park Regal

9 **The Caddy** (U). Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis. Fri, seven days: Praed Street Classic

10 **Doctor in Clover** (A). Until Sat: Highams Park Regal

11 **The Early Bird** (U). Norman Wisdom. Mon, three days: Islington Rex.

12 **The Great St Trinian's Train Robbery** (U). Dora Bryan. Sun, seven days, Putney Globe

13 **I'm All Right Jack** (U). Peter Sellers. Mon, four days: Waterloo Station Classic

15 **The Road to Hong Kong** (U). Bing Crosby, Bob Hope. Mon, three days: Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse

16 **Sparrows Can't Sing** (A). Barbara Windsor, James Booth. Mon, seven days: Hampstead Everyman

17 **That Man From Rio** (U). Jean-Paul Belmondo. Until Sat: Victoria Cameo. Fri, seven days: Notting Hill Gaumont

18 **That Riviera Touch** (U). Morecambe & Wise. Until Sat: Southfields Plaza

19 **What a Carve-Up!** (U). Sidney James, Kenneth Connor. Until Sat: Camberwell Grand. With: The Wooden Horse (U)

20 **The Wrong Box** (U). Ralph Richardson, John Mills. Mon, six days: Raynes Park Rialto

21 **Yesterday, Today & Tomorrow** (X). Sophia Loren. Fri, three days: Baker Street Classic

DOCUMENTARY

22 **Karamoja** (A). Piccadilly Jacey

23 **The War Game** (X). Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. With: 4 in the Morning (X). (Check with cinema)

DRAMA

24 **Advise & Consent** (X). Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton. Mon, four days: Chelsea Classic

25 **All About Loving** (X). Elsa Martinelli, Anna Karina. Oxford Street Cinephone

26 **Citizen Kane** (A). Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten. Sun, seven days: Golders Green Ionic.

28 **The Decadent Influence** (A). Janine Magna. Charing Cross Road Jacey

29 **8½** (A). Marcello Mastroianni. Mon, four days: Baker Street Classic

30 **The Hustler** (X). Paul Newman. Fri, seven days: Piccadilly Classic

31 **A Kind of Loving** (X). Alan Bates, June Ritchie. Until Sat: Victoria Biograph

32 **Les Liaisons Dangereuses** (X). Jeanne Moreau. Until Sat: Hendon Gala.

33 **The Mistress** (X). Bibi Andersson. Sun, seven days: Hendon Gala

34 **My Cousin Rachel** (A). Richard Burton, Olivia de Havilland. Fri, seven days: Kilburn Classic.

35 **Naked Among Wolves** (A). Erwin Gaschonneck. Fri 22 July only, 11.15 pm: Notting Hill Classic

36 **Secrets of a Windmill Girl** (X). Pauline Collins. Fri, seven days: Tottenham Palace.

37 **Splendour in the Grass** (X). Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty. Fri, three days: Stockwell Classic. Mon, four days: Dalston Classic, Notting Hill Classic

38 **Term of Trial** (X). Laurence Olivier, Sarah Miles. Until Sun: Hampstead Everyman

39 **Tiara Tahiti** (A). James Mason, John Mills. Fri 22 July only, 11.15 pm: Baker Street Classic

40 **War & Peace** (U). Henry Fonda, Audrey Hepburn. Until Sat: Harringay Curzon

41 **The Flesh & The Fiends** (X). Peter Cushing, Donald Pleasence. Sun, four days: Hackney Essoldo

MUSICALS

42 **Pajama Party** (U). Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello. Until Sat: Islington Rex

43 **Seven Brides for Seven Brothers** (U). Howard Keel, Jane Powell. Until Sat: Stoke Newington Coliseum. Mon, six days: Harringay Curzon.

THRILLERS

44 **The Birds** (X). Rod Taylor. Fri, three days: Chelsea Classic

45 **80,000 Suspects** (A). Richard Johnson. Mon, three days: Victoria Biograph

46 **Espionage in Lisbon** (U). Brett Halsey. Mon, three days: Camberwell Grand

47 **Interpol** (A). Anita Ekberg. Sun, four days: Victoria Cameo

48 **The League of Gentlemen** (A). Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick. Fri, three days: Notting Hill Classic.

49 **Marnie** (X). Sean Connery, "Tippi" Hedren. Fri, three days: Waterloo Station Classic

50 **Notorious** (A). Ingrid Bergman, Cary Grant. Mon, four days: Tooting Classic.

51 **Our Man Flint** (A). James Coburn. Until Sat: Putney Globe

52 **Rebecca** (A). Laurence Olivier, Joan Fontaine. Fri, three days: Tooting Classic.

53 **The Silencers** (A). Dean Martin, Stella Stevens. Until Sat: Chelsea Essoldo, Queensbury Essoldo. Fri, seven days: Finchley Rex

54 **The Spy Who Went Into Hell** (A). Ray Danton, Pascale Petit. Until Sat: Tooting Astoria. Fri, seven days: Richmond Gaumont.

WESTERNS

55 **Broken Lance** (U). Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark. Fri, seven days: Harrow Road Prince of Wales

56 **The Comancheros** (A). John Wayne, Stuart Whitman. Fri, seven days: Croydon Classic.

57 **The Last Sunset** (A). Kirk Douglas, Rock Hudson. Fri, three days: Brixton Classic.

58 **The Magnificent Seven** (U). Yul Brynner, Steve McQueen. Fri, seven days: Ealing Walpole. Sun, seven days: Belmont Essoldo.

59 **Man From Button Willow** (U). Mon, five days: Brixton Granada.

60 **Stagecoach** (A). Alex Cord. Until Sat: Raynes Park Rialto

61 **Untamed Frontier** (U). Joseph Cotten, Shelley Winters. Mon, three days: Stepney Essoldo

PRE-RELEASE

62 **Paradise - Hawaiian Style** (U). Elvis Presley, Suzanna Leigh. Fri, seven days: Edgware Road ABC, Fulham Road ABC.

FILMS IN FLIGHT

PAN-AM. West-bound. The Alphabet Murders. Until 30 July. **East-bound:** Assault on a Queen. Until 30 July

TWA. East/West-bound. All flights: Stagecoach. Until 23 July. From 24 July: Blindfold

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GALLERIES

FIRST FIVE: 1 David Hockney (Kasmin). 2 Poetic Image (Hanover). 3 René Magritte (Zwemmer). 4 New Idioms (Robert Fraser). 5 Aubrey Beardsley (V & A).

Unlike Christmas-time, the summer holiday period produces status exhibitions in the London art galleries, presumably to benefit from the foreign traveller, but indirectly to the advantage of the native walker.

This opportunity to reconsider one's response is of particular value with contemporary work, where "newness" may be too often equated with immediacy of reaction, and the quality of the work remain undistinguished beneath its gloss.

The tag of "summer" show certainly no longer means a superficial trip through the light-weight and the left-over. For example, the Poetic Image at the Hanover not only justifies its collective title, in that the extremely varied works on view are indeed poetic images, but also contains some rare and – artistically speaking – historically significant things, such as Chirico's *Les Archéologues* of 1925 and Bacon's 1950 *Fragment for a Crucifixion.*

There are also four sculptures by H C Westermann that set a standard in an area of

Next at the Piccadilly—work by Cristophe Henri Karel de Nerée Tot Babberrich (1880–1909), a kind of Dutch Aubrey Beardsley.

iconography that British sculptors particularly pride themselves on. In comparison to his images, the sculpture of Kim Lim at the Axiom seems fragmentary and without presence. Nevertheless, Miss Lim's show is impressive as a first solo exhibition, with a professional technique and finish that should be the envy of other young sculptors who have recently been exhibiting somewhat over-ambitiously. One work, *Candy*, in painted wood, does seem to succeed in combining refined eye-appeal, substance and image, to a degree that satisfies reflection.

The fine Magrittes in the Hanover exhibition are matched by another splendid show at the Zwemmer gallery, which is boldly trying to reshape its house image towards contemporary and international standards and away from its previously often pedantic insistence on topographical neo-romanticism.

The Nolde and Klee exhibition, which has moved across Bond Street to continue showing at the New London, almost by public demand, illustrates amusingly how long it takes for the progressive artist of the 20th century to achieve uncritical acclaim. Of course there are some superb pictures there, very beautiful, and, in their time, original works of art.

keith sutton

Left: Portrait of Cavafy, etching, David Hockney at Kasmin. Right: L'Age Des Merveilles, by René Magritte at Zwemmer

OPENING

AGNEW, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 6176. Old Masters under £300. 25 July-Sept. M-F 9.30-5.30, Sat 9.30-1

DRIAN, 5/7 Porchester Place, W2. PAD 9473. Seven Artists: Rediscovery of Nature – seven figurative painters who have given up abstract work. 26 July-19 Aug. Daily 10-6

GIMPELS FILS, 50 South Molton Street, W1. MAY 3720. Summer Exhibition. 26 July-3 Sept. M-F 10-5.45, Sat 10-1

CHRISTOPHER HALL. Portal, 16a Grafton Street, W1. HYD 0706. Recent paintings. 28-July-26 Aug. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

WADDINGTON, 2 Cork Street, W1. REG 1719. House exhibition. 26 July-Sept. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

CURRENT

AIA, 15 Lisle Street, WC2. GER 4946. Madeleine Pearson, Wendy Yeo – paintings; Francis Myers – prints; Lower gallery, George Pearson – landscapes. Until 3 Aug. M-F 11-6. Sat 11-4

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell Street, WC1. MUS 1555. A further selection of masterpieces from the Print Room: New Guinea; the Sepik Headwaters 1963-4; Far Eastern screen painting. Daily 10-5, Sun 2.30-6

MARCEL DUCHAMP, Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1. TAT 4444. First fully comprehensive retrospective exhibition. Until 31 July. M-Sat 10-6, T & Th 10-8, Sun 2-6, Adm 5s

HANOVER, 32a St George Street, W1. MAY 0296. The Poetic Image. Until Sept. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

DAVID HOCKNEY, Kasmin, 118 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 2821. Drawings for Cavafy poems. Until 6 Aug. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

ICA, 17/18 Dover Street, W1. GRO 6186. Relief structures by Eric Gibson, Colin Jones, Peter Lowe, Andrew Tilberis. Until 13 Aug. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

NEW IDIOMS, Robert Fraser, 69 Duke Street, W1. MAY 7196. Group show, American and British and some new faces. Until Sept. M-F 10-6, Sat 11-1

KIM LIM, Axiom, 79 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W1. HYD 6646. Recent sculptures in various media. Until 6 Aug. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

LORD'S GALLERY, 26 Wellington Road, NW8. PRI 4444. 192 Formalism and Frivolity: French English and other posters fro 1920 to 1928. Until 12 Sept. Dai 10-7 including Sat and Sun

RENE MAGRITTE: DOR BASILIO, Zwemmer, 28 Litchfie Street, WC2. TEM 1793. 25 ear paintings by great Surreali artist: abstract etchings by Bra ilian print-maker. Until 30 Jul M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

MARLBOROUGH FINE ARTS, Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 516 19th- and 20th-century maste Until mid-Aug. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-

MARLBOROUGH NEW LONDO 17/18 Old Bond Street. MAY 516 Klee and Nolde. Until mid-Au M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

ARTHUR TOOTH, 31 Bruto Street, W1. GRO 6741. 19th- a 20th-century French painte Until 13 Sept. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEU Kensington, SW7. KEN 637 Aubrey Beardsley. Islamic Jade Daily 10-6, Sun 2.30-6

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MONDAY 25 JULY
English and Continental glass and paperweights, including a rare St Louis faceted snakeweight. Christie's 11 am

TUESDAY 26 JULY
Chinese porcelain and Works of Art, including T'ang figures and wares, Ming and Ch'ing ceramics. Sotheby's 11 am

WEDNESDAY 27 JULY
Old English silver. Christie's 11 am
Old Master paintings. Sotheby's 11 am

ADDRESSES AND VIEWING TIMES

Christie, Manson & Woods Ltd., King Street, SW1 (TRA 9060) – two to three days before sale
Sotheby & Co., 34 New Bond St., W1 (HYD 7242) – at least two days before sale

music

FIRST FIVE : 1 Berlioz Requiem, St Paul's (Thur and Fri). 2 Burning Fiery Furnace, Southwark Cathedral (Thur, Fri, Sat). 3 The Magic Flute, Covent Garden (Fri and Mon). 4 The Magic Flute (Glyndebourne version), Albert Hall (Mon). 5 Moses and Aaron, Covent Garden (Sat and Wed).

At first I feared the Hall-Solti-Bury *The Magic Flute* at Covent Garden was going to be another of those producer-versus-composer efforts. The opening, and least satisfactory, scene seemed to have been disinterred from a pre-1914 *Ring*, all gloom and gluey rocks. Conscious eccentricity reared its head with the advent of the Three Ladies, each garbed apparently as Britannia (I still haven't got the message, if there is one). Fairly soon, as both visual conception and musical performance found their feet, doubts gave way to delight. The great Temple scene was the final turning-point: solemn and stately, under a huge sun burst, it somehow blended the pagan, Christian, and Masonic elements of the symbolism.

What the Garden team have done is to liberate this unique classic from over-earnest mummification, and they have done it by going back to roots. Peter Hall has not missed the human message underneath the fantasy. But he has seen the *Flute*, first and foremost, as it was originally conceived – a gorgeous, glittering, no-expense-spared pantomime. Trapdoors (three of them) yawned, the Queen of the Night cleft the rocks in a slave-powered chariot, and the Three Boys were winged across the stage in an aerial gondola. Adrian Mitchell's racily colloquial translation, rising to the occasion, went to the very edge of "I-don't-wish-to-know-that" idiom, but never quite over.

"The Magic Flute" will have a new Sadler's Wells production next January, making four versions seen in Britain in a year.

Musically there was little to complain of and much to praise. Maestro Solti, after a slightly shaky overture, forged strong, urgent, but always tender, lines. John Wakefield, in a Garden début, was slightly the English Oratorio tenor, but a most personable Tamino with it. Joan Carlyle, the Pamina, was in her best voice for some time, and Hungarian newcomer Sylvia Geszty made an accurate, if under-characterised Queen. David Ward's Sarastro disappointed; despite some resounding low Fs, he does not really command the gravity of voice for this very bass part.

The most complete artist on stage was, predictably Geraint Evans, whose Papageno remains uninhibited joy. I wish, though, they'd find him a new pipe-of-Pan; it sounded, with its faulty fourth note, to be the one left over from the last production.

richard last

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7 (KEN 8212). Henry Wood Promenade Concerts: Sat 23 July: BBC Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Soloist: Moura Lympany, piano. 7.30
M 25 July: London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Hans Gierster. Glyndebourne Festival Opera. 7.0
T 26 July: BBC Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Schola Polyphonica. Conductor: Henry Washington. Soloists: Daniel Wayenberg, piano, Peter Hurford, organ. 7.30
W 27 July: BBC Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Massed Choirs. Soloists: Elaine Blighton, soprano, Marjorie Thomas, contralto, Kenneth Bowen, tenor, Raimund Herincx, baritone. 7.30

ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. Th 21 & F 22 July: London Symphony Orchestra and the Festival Choir. Conductor: Colin David. Soloist: Ronald Dowd, tenor. 8.30

GUILDHALL, EC2 (MON 3030). Sat 23 July: English Chamber Orchestra. Conductor: Alexander Schneider. Soloist: Rudolph Serkin, piano. 8.0

BALLET

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). Th 21 July: Giselle, Adam/Coralli and Perrot. Conductor: Lawrence. 7.30
T 26 July: Swan Lake, Tchaikovsky/Ivanov and Petipa/Hurry. Conductor: Fry. Principals: Beriosova, Musil. 7.30

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, Rosebery Avenue, EC1 (TER 1672). The Sierra Leone National Dance Troupe. 7.30. Sat Mat: 2.30

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). M 25-W 27 July: The Georgian State Dance Company. 8.0

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE THEATRE, Kensington High Street, W8 (WES 1852). Sat 23 July: Dance and sitar recital. U.S. Krishna Rao, Chandrabhaga Devi. 7.30

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). F 22 & M 25 July: The Magic Flute, Mozart. Conductor: Balkwill. 7.30
Sat 23 & W 27 July: Moses and Aaron, Schoenberg. Conductor: Solti. 7.30

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA, Lewes, Sussex (Ringmer 411). Th 21, Sat 23 July: Die Zauberflöte, Mozart. Conductor: Gierster. 5.30
F 22, Sun 24 & T 26 July: Jephtha, Handel. Conductor: Fredman. 5.50. Sun: 4.50

SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL, SE1. Th 21 & Sat 23 July: The Burning Fiery Furnace, Britten. English Opera Group. 8.30. Sat Mat: 6.0. F 22 July: Curlew River, Britten. 6.0 & 8.30

TOWER OF LONDON. Th 21, F 22 & Sat 23 July: The Yeomen of the Guard, Gilbert and Sullivan. Conductors: Mackerras, Lloyd-Jones. 8.15

RECITALS

MERCHANT TAYLORS' HALL, EC2. F 22 July: Bath Festival Ensemble with Yehudi Menuhin, violin. 8.15

IVEAGH BEQUEST, Kenwood, NW3. Sun 24 July: Aeolian String Quartet. 7.30

FENTON HOUSE, Hampstead, NW3. W 27 July: Nigel Rogers, tenor, James Brown, horn, Colin Tilney, piano and harpsichord. 8.0

RECORDS

Let It All Out by Nina Simone (Philips BL7722) says it all with the title – this is my record of the week. Side one opens with a terrific up tempo number – *Mood Indigo* – to take you by surprise. Nina really means it when she sings a song and this shows magnificently in her rendering of *The Other Woman*, that sad but truthful melody. There are a variety of sounds to be found on this LP, with numbers like Bob Dylan's *The Ballad Of Hollis Brown* and Irving Berlin's *This Year's Crop of Kisses*. The track called *Images* was taken from a poem. Nina sings it without accompaniment. She vocalises about all kinds of emotional feelings, sadness, anger, happiness and love; in all of them she uncovers unsuspected dimensions with her voice, in her voice and in the song. She sings the two Billie Holliday numbers beautifully and matches Billie's high standard, never accomplished by anyone else

Mose Allison Sings And Plays (EMI SX6058) – but just tries to swing too much. His own compositions like *Back On The Corner* make much better listening than the old standards which Mose chose to revive, such as *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*. You need a huskier voice to sing this kind of material, although his piano playing is stylish. I would like very much to hear Mose live in a night club setting. His kind of sound fails to work on disc, because the cooler home atmosphere makes one's listening too objective.

The Popular Sinatra Sings For Moderns – Strangers In The Night (Pye R1017). What is there to be said, except that the title song is one of the most sensational songs of the year – timeless. Best of the other tracks are *Summer Wind* and *All Or Nothing At All*. I prefer Sinatra to stick to this lonely type of ballad. *Downtown* and *Call Me* are too far inside the modern pop music idiom for Sinatra's mature individuality to come to grips with them

The excellence of **Sounds Orchestral Plays Favourite Classical Melodies** (Piccadilly NSLP38033) took me by surprise. Completely different to *Cast Your Fate To The Winds*, their last LP, this is quite beautiful and extremely well arranged, produced and played. Tchaikovsky's *Valse Des Fleurs* is wonderfully delicate. The harpsichord playing by Johnny Pearson is something to listen for most carefully

diana jervis-read

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GOOD EATING

Credit where it's due, and it is surely due to Sir William Haley, Editor of *The Times*. He has been lunched and he has been dined at the Ritz and he has not succumbed. Mr Nubar Gulbenkian still has not seen a draft of his obituary. I should explain that there remains to Mr Gulbenkian one thirst as yet unslaked: what is going to be said about him when he is dead. He has offered to correct any factual mistakes that may have crept into his *Times* obituary. Sir William Haley has remained courteously adamant.

Now Sir William Haley and I have this much in common: when I interviewed Mr Gulbenkian recently, he offered me the best "slap-up lunch" I could wish for (his description) if I could get him a sight of his *Times* obituary. What I have done instead is give myself lunch at the Ritz. It is, of course, an experience to be recommended.

The Ritz is not a casual joint. You do not simply pop in there, not even to have a noggin in the Palm Court. That's just not done. It is, however, a place where a young gal could sit without fear of being molested. It is a place to observe wide-brimmed hats, sharp-clobbered grandmamas who were wearing unnecessary sun-glasses indoors in the 'thirties when Evelyn Waugh was still alive to record them. At the Ritz dim young men – or bright young men – who have modelled themselves on Wooster can go and impress each other and feel at home. Mothers can take their adolescent sons, fond aged aunts pay for idle nephews. There are lots of titled people there, *and* George Weidenfeld.

The Ritz Restaurant is the one whose ceiling is (symbolically) covered with the rosy nimbus of cloud-cuckoo-land. It is the place where a well-brought-up young girl can tell the head waiter without shocking him: "I would love some really bloody roast beef."

But, from the chrysanthemums upon the table, to the gorgeous lampshades in the restaurant; from the pink marble of the Palm Court where we sat and drank awhile to the frieze that surrounds the rosy ceiling; from the gorgeous smoked salmon to the strawberry gâteau; from the *noisettes d'agneau* to the apricot flan; from the overall ambiance of peace, quiet, and luxury to the bright red taxi that carried us away afterwards, everything about the Ritz was, really, pretty suave.

Some of you may need to know the price of things before going to eat at the Ritz. That is not, of course, the right attitude. But I shall satisfy your need, too. Including a couple of cocktails, a carafe of wine, and the 10 per cent they add to the bill, lunch cost me £6 10s 3d. There were further tips, and taxis to go there and leave by. You don't just walk up there, you know.

arthur pottersman

LONDON CHOICE

BENTLEY'S, English (fish only), 11-15 Swallow Street W1 (REG 6210). Mon-Sat 11.30-3, 5.30-11 (Sat 10.30). Last orders 10.45 (Sat 10.15). Pride of this restaurant is their oyster section – they have their own beds near Colchester. Quite a good wine list. Bill for two £2 10s-£5 10s. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

COLOMBINA D'ORO, Italian, 61 Dean Street, W1 (REG 4150, 6875). Every day from 12-3 and 6 (Sun 6.30)-11.30. A simple, wonderful place. Start off with pasta. Veal dishes, of course, and also pork. Finish off with cheese, *crema caramella or zabaglione*. Average bill for two £4. No credit cards

CRANKS SALAD TABLE, vegetarian, 22 Carnaby Street, W1 (GER 9431). Every day from 12-3 and 6 (Sun 6.30)-11.30. Austere seating to match the food, but friendly girls in blue serve with smiles. Unobtrusive piped classical music. Bill about 13s

EMPRESS, International, 15 Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 6126). Sun-Fri 12.30-3, and 6.30-2 am. Sat 6.30-2 am. Very luxurious, very smooth service, with vast, wide-ranging menu. Famous cold buffet. Large and expensive wine list. Don't expect to pay less than £7 for two. CREDIT CARDS: *American Express, Diners*

L'ESCARGOT BIENVENU, French, 48 Green Street, W1 (GER 4460). Mon-Sat 12-3 and 5.45 to 11 (last orders). Immensely civilised with daily change of menu but no fluctuation of quality. Well spaced. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express, Barclay, Eurocard*

HUNTING LODGE, English, 16 Lower Regent Street, SW1 (WHI 4222). Mon-Sat 12.30-3 and 6.30-12. Old-Englysshe-style (muzzle loaders and gas jets); very expensive, very good. Minimum charges, lunch 25s. dinner 35s. After that it's up to you. CREDIT CARDS: *American Express, Diners*

TERRASSE TIO PEPE, French, 13 Shepherd's Place, Upper Brook Street, W1 (MAY 7892). Mon-Sat 12-3 and 7-12. First-rate French cuisine, whose specialities change from week to week. Expect to pay around £4 for two. CREDIT CARDS: *American Express, Diners*

WHEELERS, French, 19 Old Compton Street, W1 (GER 7611). Fish only. Mon-Sat 12.30-2.30, 6-10.45. Oyster bar 11.30-3, 5.30-11. You can eat here jolly well for £1 a head, including as much bread and butter and coffee as you want, but average bill for two should be rated from £3-£5, as you please. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners*; also their own accounts

WHITE TOWER, Greek, 1 Percy Street, W1 (MUS 8141). Mon-Sat 12.45-3, 6.45-10.30. Diplomats, writers, film people love it. I've enjoyed everything one time or another from the warm and efficient service to the superb wine. Average bill for two £5-£6. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

AROUND TOWN

ALVARO, 124 Kings Road, SW3 (KEN 6296). Open every day for lunch and dinner, from 12 to 3 and 7 to 12 (last orders 2.45 and 11.45). Just in case Alvaro Maccioni, who used to be manager of La Terrazza, carries out his intention of making this new in-place ex-directory, keep the phone number to hand. This really is *in*, you know. Deighton, Shrimpton, Bailey, Duffy, Derek Marlowe and Tom Wolfe. The food is very good, too. I went along with an expert on minestrone, an expert on asparagus, another on scampi. Everybody agreed on the quality. Parma ham with melon 9s 6d, *insalata leti*[illegible]*ia* (with *mozzarella* cheese) 7s [illegible]d, *pasta* 5s 6d and 6s 6d, minestro[illegible]e 3s; baby octopus 10s 6d, *scam*[illegible]*pi alla sapiente* (cream, toma[illegible]o, white wine sauce) 14s 6d, *fri*[illegible]*to misto* 11s 6d, *arista di maiale* (fil[illegible]et of pork) 10s 6d, veal scaloppi[illegible]es various ways 12s 6d; sweets 2s [illegible]to 4s 6d, including an excellent *za*[illegible]*glione*. Wine: around 20s [illegible]a bottle. If only there were a li[illegible]le more room for one's elbows. [illegible]f only the waiters rushing by w[illegible]h loaded trays were not so close [illegible]o one's head . . . Bill for two [illegible]ll probably average £3 10s. CR[illegible]IT CARDS: none

LA GAFFE, 109 Heath St[illegible]t, Hampstead, NW3 (HAM 8[illegible]). Open from Tuesday to Sund[illegible]y, lunch from 12.30 to 3 and din[illegible]er 6 to 11. An unpretentious li[illegible]le French place, run with charm [illegible]y the Italian proprietor, Berna[illegible]o, and Mrs Bernado. He tells me: A mention in a column such as yo[illegible]rs is always a tonic and an [illegible]-couragement to do better." [illegible]e does quite well already, thank [illegible]u very much: *terrine* 2s 6d, *cr*[illegible]*e de celeri* 2s, onion soup 2s [illegible]; *escalope pané* 9s 6d, *crêpes* [illegible]*e volaille* 7s 6d, *supreme de vol*[illegible]*e pané* 7s 6d, *sauté de boeuf* 8s [illegible]; *blanquette de veau* 9s 6d, *filet* [illegible]*e sole avec crevettes* 13s 6d; and [illegible]s for sweets, try *compôte à la cr*[illegible]*e* 4s 6d. Wine: around 20s the bo[illegible]e. Bill for two will average ou[illegible]t 20s-30s a head. CREDIT CARDS: n[illegible]e

L'AIGLON, 44 Old Church Str[illegible]t, SW3 (FLA 8650). Open for smor[illegible]e-brod lunches Monday to Fri[illegible]y, but really this is a dinner pla[illegible]e, open every evening from 6.30 to 11.30. Run with elegant friendliness by two actors, John Glen and David Enders. Vienna mushrooms 5s 6d, iced cucumber soup 3s; brandied steak 15s, stuffed pimento 10s 6d, crab mornay 14s; Rhone Valley sorbet 3s 6d. The wine list runs from Anjou Rosé at 13s the bottle to Nuits St Geo[illegible]e '59 at 20s. Average bill: around [illegible]e £2 a head class. CREDIT CARDS: no[illegible]e

SAVOY GRILL, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4343). Open every day from 12.30 to 3 and 6 to 11.30 (last orders); Sundays 12 to 3 and 7 to 11 (last orders). I've never seen so many waiters waiting before, and I find it slightly intimidating. The food is almost always brilliant. Among the large hors d'oeuvres was a good selection of cold fish – and some too vinegary artichokes. The cream soup was excellent. *Noisettes d'agneau* included some succulent form of artichoke. The *courgettes Hollandaise* were among the best we'd ever had. But I think that, at 10s 6d, the fruit salad should not have included tinned fruit. Carafe wines: Bourgogne 15s, Bordeaux 16s. A most impressive place. Bill for two £7. CREDIT CARDS: *Eurocard*

NIGHT OUT

Twice in this past week I have been awakened to the fact that nightlife in this pendulous city consists of more than frug and frenetics. And it comes as a pleasant surprise to discover that night-spots which thrived long before the advent of the discothèque are thriving still. It is at first a strange feeling, having been accustomed these past three years to: breathing deeply before submerging at the Scotch; spending an evening with a girl without being able to exchange a word of chat except a bawled "what'll you have?" and dancing without a mite of personal contact.

Coming from this to the cavernous Talk of the Town and the comparative calm of The Stable is a disturbing but pleasing experience. Talk of the Town is that converted theatre at the gateway to Leicester Square, criticised in the past for being a "Palladium with knives and forks." This is, in fact, what it is, but then I have often sat dreaming of medium rare steaks during some Palladium acts. The clatter of knife on plate is, at times, deafening, but it stops in time for the top of the bill around 11 pm. When I was there, this spot was taken by

Louis Brown provides different fare at Scotch of St James's in September, with the visit of Otis Read and his 16-piece band.

the Beverley Sisters, who trill merrily through their act with amazing freshness, considering the number of years they have been together.

Babs (or was it Teddy?), anyway one of the twins, told me that they are anxious to have the word put around that they do more than trip lightly on a stage, sing three pretty songs, and trot off again. I am happy to put the word around that they do far more. Their act contains a lot of modern satirical bite, with much of the material written by themselves, as well as the traditional standard songs. Easily digested stuff, it fills up three-quarters of an hour in the nicest possible way. Just the sort of thing I would like to see on television late on Sunday night.

Meanwhile, over in SW7, in a cellar opposite the West London Air Terminal, The Stable continues to attract nice, squarish people who like to have a good time without paying exorbitant prices or having their eardrums permanently damaged by electronic guitars. This is a dine and dance restaurant, open till 2.30 am, with somewhat obvious décor – old coaches, etc. – continental cooking and a mini-band.

rodney burbeck

SPECTACULARS & CABARETS

GEORGIAN, Georgian House, Bury Street, St James's, SW1 (WHI 2797). 12.30 pm-3 pm; 5.30 pm-midnight. Annual membership 25s. No entrance fee, cover charge or hostess charge. Whisky 4s. Dinner with wine about £3 per head. *Entertainment:* Cabaret. Hostesses (pussies, not bunnies). Dancing to sextet. No sales of toys, flowers, chocolate, lingerie, etc

LE PRINCE, 14/16 Bruton Place, Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 6354). Rico D'Ajou's new club. Bar lounge 6.30 pm-3.30 am. Restaurant 8 pm-4 am. Closed Sundays. Floor show at midnight. Annual membership 5 guineas. *A la carte* dinner 45s per head. Wines extra. Luxurious, select clientele. *Entertainment:* Dancing to Grisha Farfel, his trumpet and orchestra and to Lord Kitchener and his Calypso Band till 4 am.

MURRAY'S CABARET CLUB, Beak Street, Regent Street, W1 (GER 4623 & 3241). 8 pm-4 am. Dancing till 4 am. Breakfast 1 am-4 am. Annual membership 1 guinea. Entrance fee 30s. *A la carte* menu about £2 per head plus wine. Whisky £5 19s 6d per bottle, 4s per measure. 10 per cent surcharge. *Entertainment:* Dancing to two bands, spectacular with company of 45 at 10.15 pm & 1.15 am

THE POOR MILLIONAIRE, 158 Bishopsgate, EC2 (BIS 3311). 7.30 pm-2.30 am. Dinner dance and cabaret 2 guineas (£2 12s 6d on Saturdays). No membership or cover charge. 10 per cent service charge. *Entertainment:* Dancing to band

SHOWBOAT, Lyons Corner House, Trafalgar Square, WC2 (WHI 2781). 8.30 pm-1 am. Closed Sundays. Lavish stage show 10.30 pm-11.40 pm No membership, cover charge or admission charge. 3-course dinner 37s 6d per head plus wine. Dancing 8.30 pm-10.30 pm & 11.40 pm-1 am. *Entertainment:* Stage show "Exotica" with Barry Kent, Patricia Michaels, Mike Newman, Tim O'Connor.

DINNER & DANCE

CHINA GARDEN, 66 Brewer Street, W1 (GER 6500 & 8189). Midday-3 pm; 6 pm-1 am. Closed Sundays. *A la carte* dinner approx 30s per head plus wine. Whisky and gin 3s 6d per single measure. Cover charge 5s per head for dancing. No service charge. Dancing to records from 7.30 pm-1 am. Licensed till 1 am

LA DOLCE VITA, 10 Frith Street, W1 (GER 2774). Midday-3 pm; 6 pm-1.30 am (Sun till 12.30 am). La Taverna closed Mondays. *A la carte* dinner in the restaurant 15s 6d minimum. Dinner dancing in La Taverna 32s 6d. *Entertainment:* Guitar, accordion music and Neapolitan singer in the main restaurant

GROSVENOR HOUSE RESTAURANT, Park Lane, W1 (GRO 6363). 12.30 pm-3 pm; 7.30 pm-1 am. Open every day. Lunch: *table d'hôte* 27s 6d. Dinner: *table d'hôte* 32s 6d. Wines from 15s-£3. Whisky 3s 3d. Service charge 12½ per cent. Cover charge on *à la carte* menu only, 2s. *Entertainment:* Dancing from 8 pm-1 am excluding Sunday, to the Sydney Lipton Band and Los Cinco Ricardos Group

RIVER CLUB, 129 Grosvenor Road, SW1 (VIC 1621). 5.30 pm-2 am approx. 8 guineas London member, 5 guineas provincial member. 10s 6d cover charge. 42s 6d set dinner. Resident Calypso band. Roof garden with bar. Casino on ground floor.

THE STABLE, 123 Cromwell Road, SW7 (FRO 1203). Midday-2.30 pm special business lunch. 7 pm-2.30 am dinner. Closed Sundays. *A la carte* approx £3 per head including wine. Cover charge 3s 6d. Continental cuisine. Piano from 8 pm-10.30 pm. Dancing from 10.30 pm-2.30 am to the André Markides Trio. Licensed till 2.30 am

DISCOTHEQUES

CLUB EUROPA, 251 Finchley Road, NW3 (HAM 5437). 8 pm-midnight. European club. Closed Mondays. Annual membership 1 guinea men, 10s 6d ladies. Entrance fee from 3s 6d weekdays to 8s 6d weekends (free on Tuesdays). Drinks at pub prices. No food. Licensed till 11 pm

CROMWELLIAN, 3 Cromwell Road, SW7 (KNI 7258). 8 pm-2.30 am. Annual membership 3 guineas. Entrance 7s 6d members, 12s 6d guests. Small grills menu about £1 a head plus wine. Casino

EARL'S CAVE, 97 Earls Court Road, W8 (FRO 1999). 8 pm-1 am. Closed Mondays. Membership 21s men, 10s ladies. Entrance: weekend, guests 7s 6d men, 6s ladies. Members 5s men, 4s ladies (less during the week). Licensed till midnight, light meals served. Whisky 2s 6d. Free wine between 8 pm-9 pm. Boule, blackjack

FLAMINGO, 33/37 Wardour Street, W1 (GER 1549). Mon 7.30 pm-11 pm. Two-band session. Tues 7.30 pm-11 pm records. Closed Wednesdays. Thurs 7.30 pm-11 pm records. Fri 7.30 pm-11.30 pm band session. Midnight-5 am band session. Sat 7.30 pm-11.30 pm band session. Midnight-5 am band session. Sun 3 pm-6 pm records; 7.30 pm-11 pm band session. Top rhythm and blues and American artists. Membership (included in first visit) 10s early session, 15s late session. Unlicensed

GAMING

CROCKFORD'S, 16 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 (930 2721). Bridge starts at 2.30 pm, 2s-£1 per 100. Poker 5 pm, 10s-£4 per game. Chemin de fer 9 pm. Blackjack 10 pm. Baccarat 6 pm & 9.30 pm. Kalooki 5.30 pm Sat & Sun. Membership 8 guineas. Out-of-town residents 4 guineas. Overseas members 3 guineas. Limits vary. Restaurant and bar

GOLDEN NUGGET, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 6211). Midday till the last member leaves. Annual membership 21s. Blackjack, kalooki, dice, chemin de fer, poker, roulette, baccarat and pontoon. Limits vary. Restaurant and licensed bar

THE NIGHTINGALE, 28 Berkeley Square, W1 (GRO 1633). Midday till the end of play (usually 6 am). Kalooki, bridge and stud poker. First-class cuisine in Ian's Room downstairs or brought to the table. Fully licensed till 3 am

VICTORIA SPORTING CLUB, 150/162 Edgware Road, W2 (AMB 2467). 2 pm-5 am. Annual membership £3. Baccarat, blackjack, chemin de fer, dice, kalooki, poker, roulette. Minimum stakes from 5s-£1; maximum from £50-£600. Restaurant and bar

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GOOD DRINKING

That master-mind of chromium-plated, high-life espionage, the late Mr Ian Fleming, made an infrequent concession to reality in one of his books – by portraying Bond buried at headquarters on routine staff work, suffering abject misery and boredom.

In disgust, Bond threw a file into a tray, and sought out M's Chief of Staff. "Let's go to Scott's and have some black velvet and sea food," growled 007.

Which, one supposes, wasn't such a bad idea. Fleming went there regularly, and it is feasible that he should also indulge his predilections through his characters.

Scott's, of course, does seem a shade forbidding as one passes. But they're trying to offset this, and attract a wider cross-section of young people. A contributory factor is the recently opened New Imperial bar, which was decorated, furnished and serviceable in eight weeks. Its décor is tasteful, and retains much of what one is forced to call the Scott's tradition of quiet elegance.

Scott's traditional tact is also observed with regard to the cost of renovation and various fitments. The magnificent walnut bar looks – and is – expensive. Similarly, the chandelier dominating the centre of the room. And Mr Jordan, the manager, tells me they are soon to introduce a clover-leaf ottoman, and new table arrangement round the sides.

One hundred Spaniards who won World Cup seats in a competition were guests at a "sherry fiesta" at Chandos' Spanish Bar on 14 July.

The barmen, of course, are discreetly attentive, the service is excellent, the range of drinks extensive. Mr Jordan says: "Scott's has been here for years and years, standards have always been high, and the staff tend to retire after 50 or more years' service. We will maintain our standards, but one recognises changes, and we are aiming at attracting younger people, too."

The type they have in mind is the young man and woman in a junior executive position. But one suspects, also, that attractive mini-skirted girls will be welcome, dependent on length of skirt and appearance of companions!

The new bar, which one enters directly from Piccadilly, should prove popular. Everything about it is right. Allied to which, Mr Jordan and his staff know their business. Perhaps even Bond would have approved, especially if the possibility of an increased wine list becomes fact.

john mcleod

Drinkers and jazz musicians blend into one atmosphere at the Bull's Head, Barnes. Up on stage are the Roy Budd trio.

PUBS

BAR, Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, WC2. One of the most useful bars in town. People about to face the ordeal of giving evidence in court have been known to look in for a couple of stiff, odourless vodkas. Later, they can be seen gulping down large brandies. Lawyers, court staff and Press favour the bar, possibly because of the charm and attention of the two ladies running it

THE GRIFFIN, 9-11 Villiers Street, WC2. TRA 3113. Acceptably modernised, with multifarious bars and an elegant restaurant downstairs. One could be tempted to say that only the lonely call here, but this thought probably stems from the number of solo American girls, in headscarves and plastic macs, who look in for a drink. The staff throughout are excellent, you seldom have to wait, and, as the place is so near Charing Cross station, you have a gregarious passing parade of people to watch as you sup

THE KING'S ARMS, 190 Fulham Road, SW10. FLA 8463: If there was a swinging door to this Finch's house, it's sure as tootin' that Cheyenne Bodie would come burstin' in. This is a lusty place, where English womanhood joins its Jaeger-shirted men for drinks, chat and occasional heated discussion on a variety of subjects, consequential or otherwise. If you can stand the pace, look in

CAPTAIN'S CABIN, 4-7 Norris Street, Haymarket, W1. Considering the décor is calculated to induce a shipboard feeling, the nautical touch is not overdone. It's invariably well filled, with a mixed bag of drinkers keeping attentive staff busy. Tourists, too, of course

THE STAR, 6 Belgrave Mews West, SW1. BEL 2806. Paddy Kennedy's voice sounds like gravel-chips being steamrollered. It is heard at full blast any time of day or night, as he holds court in the upstairs bar. Paddy's, as the pub is known, has seen it all. Name a personality, and he or she has been there. Nuff said

MAGPIE & STUMP, 18 Old Bailey, EC4. CIT 3819. Many a fraudulent company director, and other assorted villains, have enjoyed lunch and drinks here before losing their freedom in the most famous court in the world across the street. A real, always-packed pub, with excellent food service, where the infrequent layman rubs shoulders with some of the best-known legal names in town

SIX BELLS, 197 Kings Road, SW3. FLA 9255. Big, apparently limitless, cavern of a place, but service is quick, and somehow, despite its size, it beats up a fair atmosphere of an evening. Probably the last stronghold of the long-haired Chelsea lads who claimed to qualify as beatniks. Weekly jazz sessions

MAKE A DATE

THURSDAY 28 JULY

Film: Opening of *Arabesque*; fast-moving adventure starring Gregory Peck and Sophia Loren. Leicester Square Theatre.
Film: Opening of *Nevada Smith*; star-studded Western with Steve McQueen in the title rôle. Plaza, Piccadilly Circus.

FRIDAY 29 JULY

Opera: End of Opera Season at Covent Garden. Performance of Schoenberg's *Moses & Aaron.*

SATURDAY 30 JULY

Soccer: World Cup final, Wembley.
Sailing: Cowes Week regatta (till 7th August).
Ballet: End of ballet season at Covent Garden. Performance of Hérold/Ashton's *La Fille Mal Gardée.*

TUESDAY 2 AUGUST

Show: Dublin Horse Show (till 6th).
Exhibition: Works by Christoph Henri Karel de Nerée Tot Babberich (1880-1909). Piccadilly Gallery (till 27th).
Proms: Sir Arthur Bliss's 75th birthday concert.

WEDNESDAY 10 AUGUST

Ballet: London Festival Ballet season starts. Royal Festival Hall.

THURSDAY 18 AUGUST

Cricket: Final test match between England and West Indies. The Oval (till 23rd).

FRIDAY 19 AUGUST

Exhibition: Memorial exhibition of work of American sculptor David Smith (till 25 Sept). Tate.

SATURDAY 20 AUGUST

Athletics: British Games and international meeting. White City.

SUNDAY 21 AUGUST

Festival: Edinburgh International Festival (till 10 Sept).

MONDAY 29 AUGUST

Golf: Carling professional world golf championships. Royal Birkdale, Southport, Lancs. (till 3 Sept).

MONDAY 5 SEPTEMBER

Ballet: Leningrad State Kirov Ballet. Covent Garden (till 1 October).

WEDNESDAY 7 SEPTEMBER

Racing: St Leger. Doncaster.

FRIDAY 9 SEPTEMBER

Spectacle: "Setting the Thames on Fire" – pageant with illuminations, fireworks, massed bands, etc., to mark tercentenary of Great Fire of London and centenary of the London Fire Brigade.
Exhibition: International Handicrafts and Do-it-Yourself Exhibition. Olympia (to 24th).

SATURDAY 17 SEPTEMBER

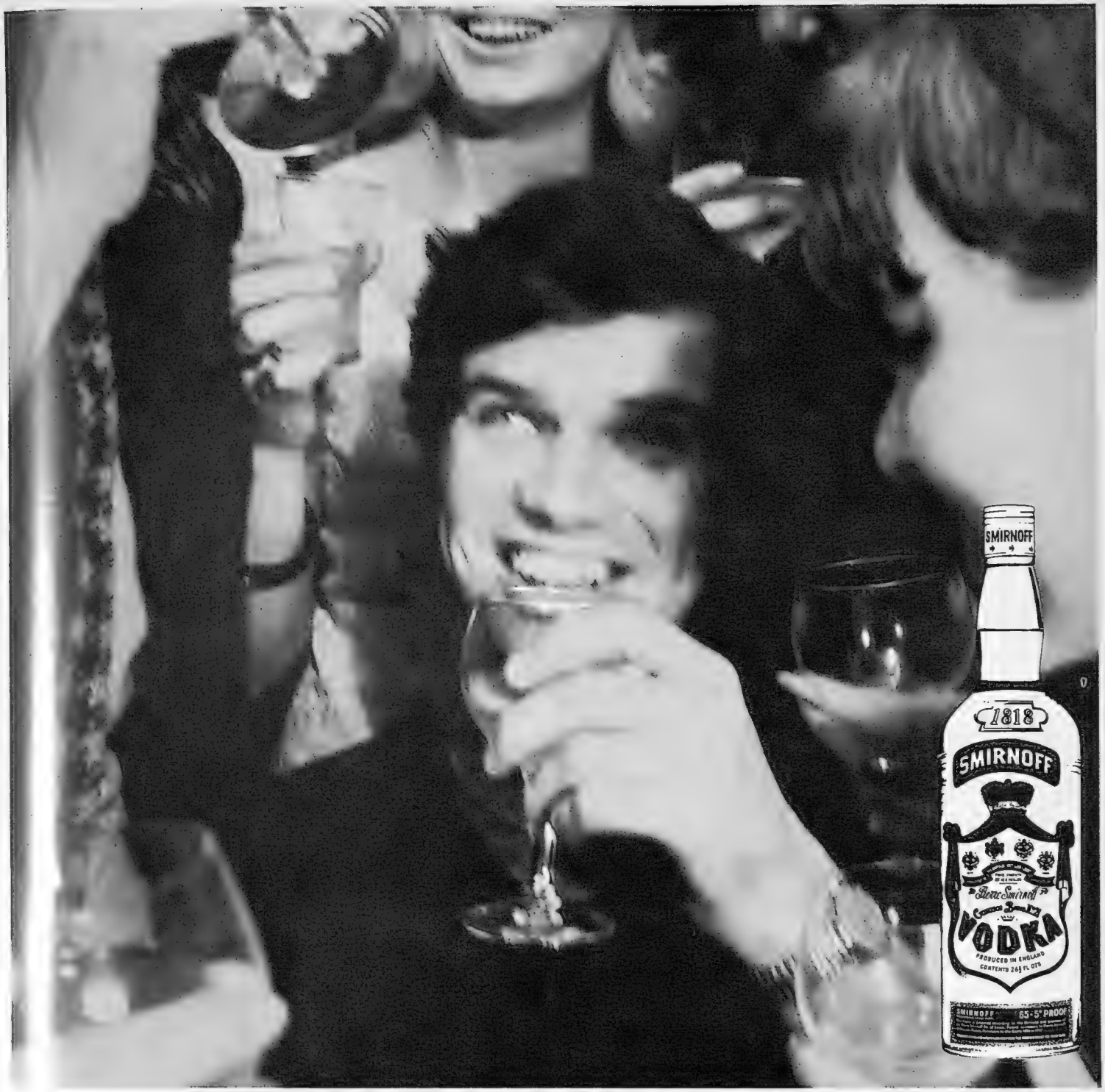
Concert: Last concert of '66 Proms. Albert Hall.

MONDAY 3 OCTOBER

Show: Horse of the Year Show. Wembley (till 8th).

SATURDAY 8 OCTOBER

Exhibition: Paintings, drawings and ceramics by Rouault. Tate Gallery (till 13 November).



Devil-may-care Peter Gill makes the scene with a Smirnoff and lime

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BILLY WRIGHT

This week Billy Wright discusses the qualifying round of the World Cup – exclusively for *London Life*. His judgment: some superb play, excellent refereeing, heartening cheering . . . and signs of an England breakdown. The message for England: stop playing as though you'r in the last desperate minute: of a cup-tie, don't panic, calm down. And the messac e for supporters: keep cheering – it really helps.

CALM DOWN, ENGLAND!

ALL the signs are that this will prove to be the best-attended World Cup ever – with average crowds running at about 40,000 a game and the most important games still to come. As far as I am concerned, deservedly so: the qualifying rounds have produced the greatest game I have yet seen – Hungary and Brazil – and at least six of the most brilliant goals ever scored.

Frankly, I expect to see film of Hungary's second goal against Brazil, from Farkas, shown for years to come as an example of what football really ought to be about.

I know that some critics, and some of the crowds, have been disappointed. But then they seem to have assumed that the whole of the Cup would be a non-stop fiesta of superlative play: on the contrary, these qualifying games were bound to be dominated by the least exciting factor in football – the importance of not losing. It's only when you've made sure of qualifyi you can take risks. In fa there are three domina slogans engraved on a ma ager's heart as he sends l team out in these prelimina games: qualify, avoid injur and try to get the softe possible quarter-final draw. In the quarter-finals, semi-finals and the final, there s just one slogan – win. I thin that Italy's performance against Russia, for exampl could be very misleadin They must be sure of qualifying, so it may well be that the Italians decided to avoid any risk of injury.

A tragedy

If there is one tragedy of these finals it is of course on Merseyside. How sad it is that two of the four sides playing there must go out – for even Bulgaria, the weakest of the section, are a very good side, capable of trouncing some of the other teams in weaker sections any day of the week.

I know FIFA are studying ways of making the World Cup

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representative not only of all areas of the world, but of the genuinely best football in the world, but they have a tricky problem. In order to make the selection of the last 16 fairer, they would probably have to demand more travelling about the world than is practical. Something ought, however, to be done about a situation which throws Mexico and North Korea into a contest far beyond their capacities, while eliminating Czechoslovakia and Scotland before the final rounds.

Still, whatever the relative merits of the various teams, I think the play so far has been fascinating. England and Uruguay gave the connoisseur of football a splendid evening, whatever they may have done for the fan who just wants goals: and Argentina showed that even a side capable of banging in five against weak opposition, such as West Germany, can still be reduced to size by a really competent (and rugged) defence.

Individuals

Brazil, Hungary and Portugal have played football fit for the gods, and scored goals. That section of course is the one that has offered something more than just a hard tactical battle to qualify – and it has done so because all four sides in it possess one thing that can make a system collapse: superb individual brilliance. Stars like Pele, Eusebio and Albert are above mere tactics, and can transform a whole match in a single instant of unpredicable genius.

There is appreciation of this star quality among other sides, of course. And rather too many of them seem to have decided that the artist can be suppressed by the nagging tackles of a tough marker. If you can't stop a Pele any other way, seems to be the line, then haul his legs away from under him until he gives up. It would be a tragedy if this kind of play robbed a great side of its greatest stars before the Cup is over, and I must say I am delighted with the standard of refereeing we have seen so far.

It used to be when I was playing international football all over the world that few if any referees would ever dare award a penalty: and in fact it has been accepted for the past few years that standards of refereeing were, if anything, worsening. But this World Cup has been to date the best controlled of any I have seen. In no small part this is due to the FIFA system of regular conferences, run by Ken Aston, at which officials are encouraged to ignore the crowd and the players, do what they think right, and stick to it.

Two incidents illustrate what I mean. When France were playing Uruguay, and a Frenchman was brought down illegally on the very edge of the box – I'm not sure it was inside it – the referee, who was close to the incident, never hesitated: he could have taken the easy way out, and pretended he saw it a foot outside the penalty area – but he didn't. He pointed straight to the spot, and that was that, whatever the Uruguayans said.

Again, in the match between West Germany and the Argentine, Albrecht went into Weber over the ball, quite viciously and unnecessarily. Mr Zecevic of Yugoslavia, until then an impassive referee and one I thought might prove weak, promptly ordered Albrecht off, and stood resolute for five minutes while what looked like every Argentinian in Britain mobbed him. That kind of determination gets through to players who might be contemplating putting the boot into opposing stars, and prevents one or two incidents, such as can happen in any game, blowing up into a battle.

The crowds have been as heartening as the officials – and, of course, so have the players. Their performance in this World Cup has made me proud of English football. Thousands of spectators have turned out, in indifferent weather, to really cheer on sides from countries thousands of miles away, and to show that contrary to the opinion of football snobs, the average fan on the terraces knows and appreciates real skill when he see it.

New heart

As for the Wembley crowd, it must have had a massive change of heart: I have simply never heard it cheering an England side the way it did against Mexico. At long last, Wembley has found a heart – and a good loud voice to go with it. There's nothing like real support to set a team alight – and it would have been ironic if English crowds had chanted for the Hungarians and the North Koreans, but maintained the old well-bred Wembley silence for England!

One more pat on the back – the groundsmen. Every game so far has had its chance to develop properly and fluently, because they have been played on pitches like tennis courts. Smooth, true and fast, the turf has given every incentive to the accurate passer.

In fact, my only real worry at this stage of the Cup, pleased as I am with much of the play, the officials, crowds and the grounds, is with the England side. When a Brazilian uses the outside of his foot, it is to curve a ball quite incredibly past a defence – as with Garrincha's magical goal against Bulgaria. But when an England forward uses the outside of his foot, it seems to be because he has made a misjudgment, and it leads to the ball sailing harmlessly away past the posts.

We really must do something about our finishing if we are to stand a chance in the later rounds – although I am confident as I write that we will qualify. It's all very well missing half a dozen chances against Mexico, because they come fairly often. Miss one chance against Germany or Argentina, and it may prove to be the only one of the match. Personally, I should feel real doubts about playing Stiles, Paine or Hunt on their apparent form at the moment. Thank goodness Booby Moore and Jack Charlton have risen to the occasion so well: we may have to depend on our tremendous defence altogether too much in the next round.

Jimmy Greaves, with a brilliant body-swerve, beats a Uruguayan defender in the World Cup clash at Wembley

Desperation

Against both Uruguay and Mexico, England seem to have gone in believing they would score a dozen, and the moment it became clear they weren't going to have it quite that easy, the forwards' nerves seemed to go to pieces. They give the appearance of cup-tie desperation – a mad frenzy that strikes teams in the dying moments of important games – almost from the start.

All one can do for England now is keep one's fingers crossed: there's no doubt that if they run into the easy, confident form they were showing before the Cup began, they are one of the strongest sides in the competition. But if they stay in their present mood of penalty-box hysteria, we're in trouble.

ANOTHER REPORT
BY BILLY WRIGHT
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London Letters

Invasion

When I first came to London about 18 months ago, I found a beautiful rainy city with lots of young people moving around, listening to songs and marching against war. There was a growing excitement, an underground force breaking through the adult barriers. There were new

ideas in fashion, music, poetry, but mostly beautiful individuals.

Now everything is being put under a microscope, like a huge film company invading a beautiful island. I like what is happening internally in London, I like being part of it; I just hope all this "swinging" matter doesn't push all the groovy people out.

Julie Felix,
27 Rutland Street, SW7

New symbol

Recently, myself and other members of the National Association of the League of Hospital Friends decided that it was about time that we, as a group, became more united. We have 80 leagues without a single unifying symbol, not even a slogan. In October we are rectifying this situation by holding a poster competition, open to all schools and art schools and all ages, in places where there is a league. There will be three prizes – £100, £50 and £25 and the winning poster will become our official symbol.

Lydia, Duchess of Bedford,
Chobham

Course in manners?

Is it not possible to have a simple course in manners included in the Police training course? Just a few days ago I saw a pedestrian cross the road against the traffic lights, running across the path of oncoming vehicles. He was well clear of the nearest car and there was no danger.

A police officer stopped the man and, shouting at the top of his voice, severely reprimanded him, threatening to arrest him next time. Must we put up with this sort of abuse?

Hans Lombard,
180 Earls Court Road, SW5

Unhealthy?

As one who has suffered agonies of guilt for many years, I have now become convinced that the modern-day fashionable woman must be thoroughly unhealthy. After all, she is always thwarting nature's gifts of natural food with faddish diets and fashionable figures. Why cannot we return to round, robust healthiness?

Lynne Harsant,
Kensington, W8

Britons abroad

London airports, ports and railway stations are crammed with British people heading for the Continent or further afield. Many are children undertaking school journeys. Let us hope they make the best of these opportunities to see and enjoy other ways of life, rather than to establish small British colonies, however temporary, as their fathers and grandfathers did. Britain cannot afford to remain a group of strange islands detached from Europe and the rest of the world.

John Sharpe,
Stapleford, Essex

Blame the customer

I would suggest that, if Mr Block finds he suffers unjustly from an overdose of bad manners, inflicted upon him by shop assistants, taxi drivers etc, he examines the way he treats these people. In my experience, it is the customer who jumps queues in shops, who provokes the assistant. It is the fare who chooses to alight at traffic lights and cannot find his money, who provokes the taxi driver. It is the passenger who insists that the bus can take six standing who annoys the conductor.

Simon Wood,
Cleveland Square, W2

Swift service

My long-distance express train broke down on Sunday afternoon outside Waterloo. Within 10 minutes engineers had arrived with spare parts on a district train which stopped specially beside us. Politely they apologised to passengers and explained that a brake-pipe had broken. Inside 20 minutes they had completed the repair and the train was only five minutes late at its destination.

Diana Kin,
Inderwick Road, N8

Frenetic phones

This morning I was woken by the telephone and was treated to a four-second burst of the frenetic burbling which is created by a pay-on-answer call-box before the caller could speak. This has happened many times and is just the sort of telephone bad manners we should be trying to stop. It does not happen on the slightly costlier Australian call-box. The Postmaster-General remains unconverted and I should like to know if others find the pay-on-answer boxes equally unbearable.

Henry Clarke,
MP, Antrim North,
House of Commons

Ruthless

Is it a firm policy on the part of the police to enforce parking restrictions with especial vigour when meters are out of action, or a nationwide conspiracy to keep all left hands from knowing what right hands are doing? My cosy little back-alley parking spot, sacrosant for months past, has been ruthlessly cleared by the storm-troops twice this week – the very week that every meter on the nearby main road has been wearing a pretty little red hood, while two men tapped at a small hole in the road.

Nick Stewart,
Mount Pleasant, WC1

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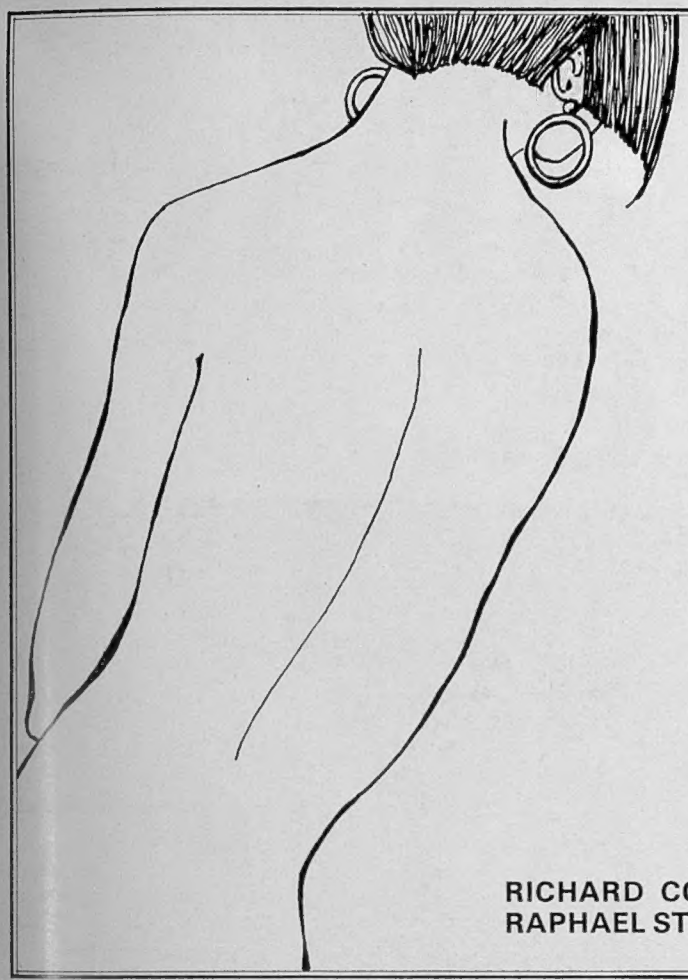

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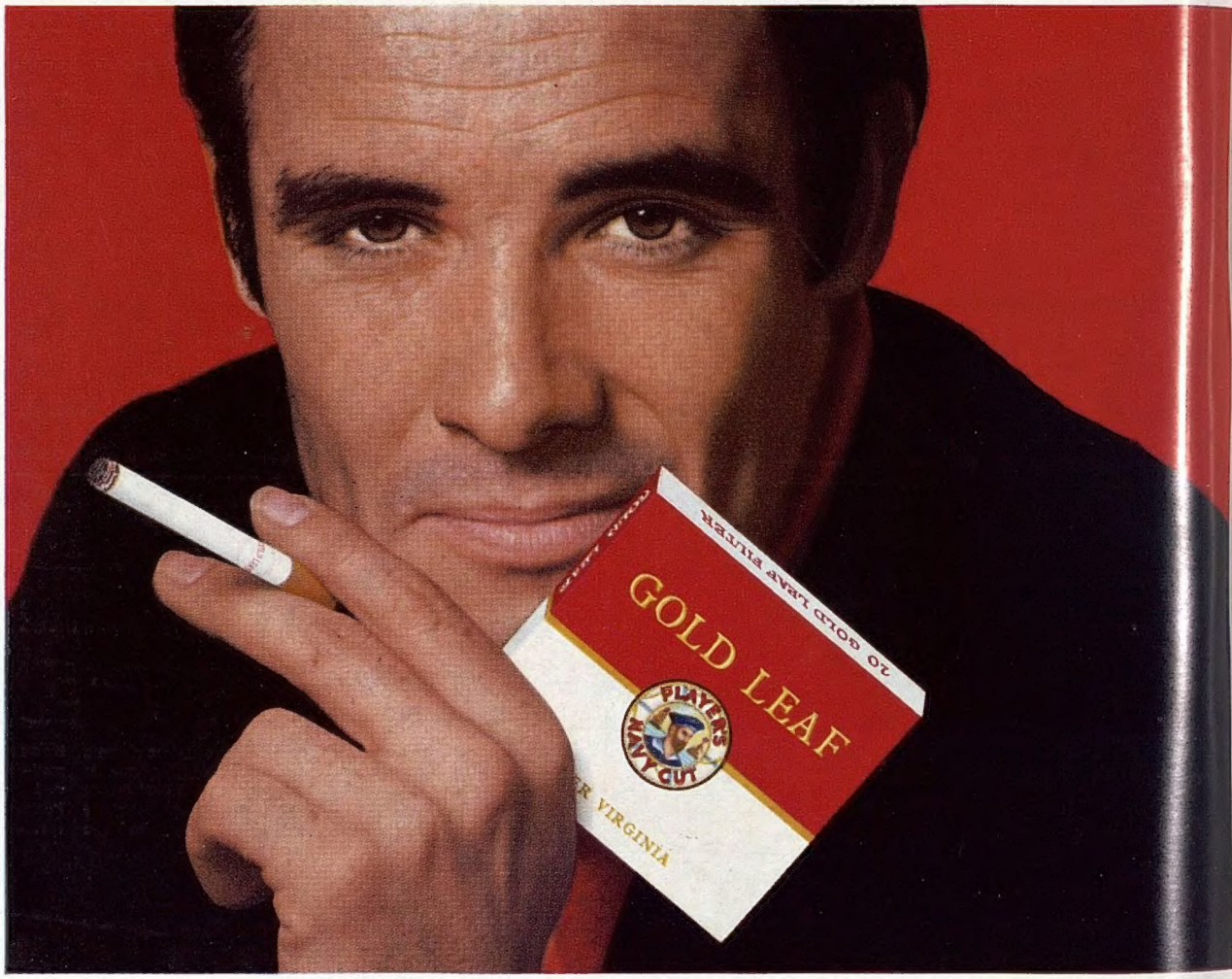

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